

THE WAR CRY.

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

25th Year. No. 24

WILLIAM BOOTH,
General.

TORONTO, MARCH 13, 1909.

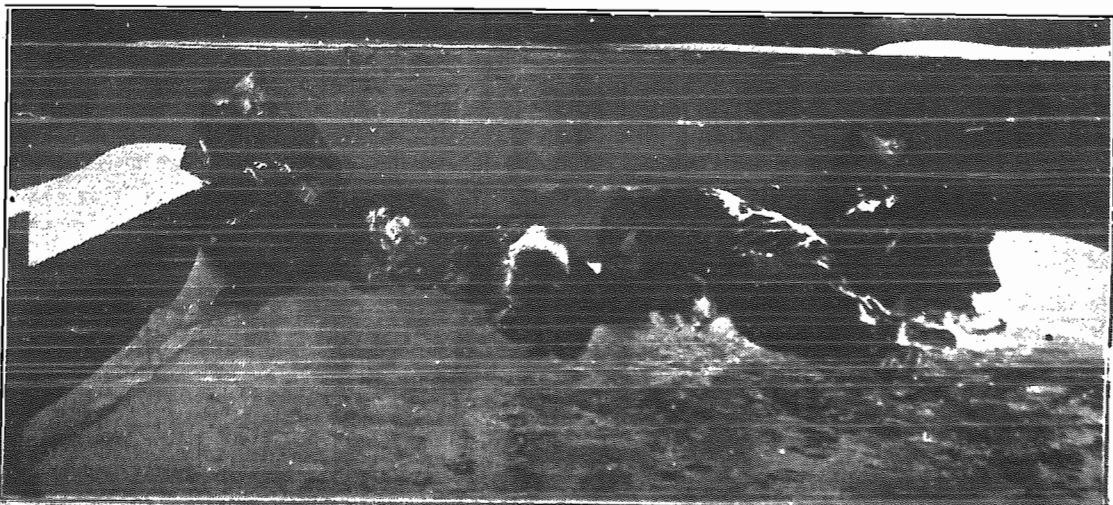
THOMAS B. COOMBS,
Colonel.

Price, 2 Cents

ENGLAND'S HOMELESS ARMY DURING THE WINTER.



GIVING STARVING MEN SOUP AT 2 A.M. IN AN ARMY SHELTER



OUTCASTS IN LONDON. WHAT THE ARMY DOES FOR THEM

Cutlets from Contemporaries.

Paul was Justified,

Says Commissioner Ralston.

Athens is a thoroughly modern city. It has its asphalt pavements and its electric system, and Piræus, the nearest town, is connected by car. Owing, no doubt, to the moderate climate, I did not notice much distress, but there was a soup kitchen open in the capital, where abundant meals could be had for a penny. I looked in at one of the churches, and must say after that I wasn't surprised that Paul forbade women to speak in a church, for here were women chattering so loudly that any body who might be speaking was sure to be interrupted. They paid no attention to what was going on. This was in marked contrast to the state of things in Russia, which I had just left. There I was always impressed with the earnestness and devotion of the people. They do go to pray, and are troubled themselves whenever they can. And the refusal of Russia is that of the Greek Church.—British War Cry.

The War Devil.

A Disguise Satan Often Assumes.

If handsome, uniform, gaudy orations, and high sounding words could conceal his identity, the devil would be completely baffled. You are not who you behold in him now the unselfish patriot, who is willing to risk his life for his country's honour, to receive all the favours that a grateful nation can shower upon him. It's curious, too, that he has established his headquarters next door you may say to the Cathedrals of Christianity. Nations, Christian nations, extend to him the right hand of fellowship, and sanction his proposals for the destruction of millions who never had any quarrel with each other, save that they happen to have been born on two different sides of a stream or mountain. Watch him at his task of sowing suspicion, hatred, greed, ambition, between nations who

might have lived together in peace and prosperity. Truly he is not a bit improved. Years ago the poet said:

"War is a game which, were their subjects wise, they would not play at!"

And yet it goes on, and thousands fall willingly at the feet of the war demon, and accept him as their king.—Indian War Cry.

The Black Sheep.

Beware of False Prophets.

At a certain slaughter-house in America they have a unique scheme for getting the "doomed" cattle to ascend the narrow chute leading up to the floor where the killing is done. The animals are strange to each other, and in a strange place, and consequently are often very wild. It is important that they should not be excited and overheated just before being dressed. To facilitate matters a "black sheep" is trained to lead the flock and steer the herd. Those are provided with good quarters, and fed on the daintiest of delicacies, and when fresh cattle are needed are ordered out strong. They are about the nearest thing to a dove the negro slave has, and they gain confidence on the farm. A country woman the other day told me that she was always loath to leave her house, fearing he is leading him to a safe retreat. He does not leave them until they are safely in the slaughter-house, never to be seen again.

How like the devil, luring men on with his habits of gambling, drinking, and pleasure-seeking, which only lead to an eternity in hell.—The Field Officer.

Only Two Wanted.

But 3,000 Rusk for the Jews.

An extraordinary scene, which points a painfully familiar moral, was recently witnessed in the City of London. A firm advertised in a daily newspaper for two strong young men

for warehouse work, stipulating that applicants should apply, with references, at ten o'clock in the morning. Long before the hour not only were the passage and staircase leading to the firm's offices thronged with all sorts of unemployed, but the street itself was almost completely blocked, many people having the greatest difficulty in elbowing through the crowd. It is estimated that nearly 3,000 men assembled. But for the sensible police practice of allowing no unemployed meetings or processions in the city, though permitting the assembling of a crowd of men so long as the situation they are applying for remains vacant, this significant demonstration could have taken place. Of course the spectacle was a somewhat melancholy one, but it has its redeeming features. For at least it shows that thousands of those who seek help are genuine out-of-work, and also a fine tribute to their eagerness and courage in the face of overwhelming competition.—English Social Gazette.

Abraham Lincoln.

A Broken Man Regarded Others.

Some of the world's leaders have had more than their share of the feeling that a broken man—every little regarded, for human life. With Lincoln it was different. He did not forget others; men to him were men and not machines by which something could be done. He had what is called the faculty of putting himself in another man's place. This gentleness, this thoughtfulness, made his actions so powerful. To a New England mother, whose five sons had been killed fighting for the Union, Mr. Lincoln wrote a letter which is one of the finest and most touching tributes ever penned. In part it is as follows:

"To a New England mother, whose five sons had been killed fighting for the Union, Mr. Lincoln wrote a letter which is one of the finest and most touching tributes ever penned. In part it is as follows:

Power to endure the chastening rod.
Power to tread in the path that Christ trod;
Up Calvary's Hill, to Humility's plain
More than conquerors again and again.

Power to be perfect; power to be whole,
Completely holy in body and soul,
Power to be righteous in heart and in life,
Pure, clean, spotless, and free from all strife.

Power to always seek God's Kingdom first,
To trample on feelings and crush lust;
From pride, and from anger, and selfishness free,
To show forth the spirit of "never-satisfied me."

Power to obey His commands at all cost;
Power to rescue poor souls that are lost;
To win them for Jesus, to bring them to God,
To get them converted, and washed in the Blood.

Power to suffer, and power to bear,
Power to endure the world's scorn and sneer;
Power the peer of a friend to endure,
Though deep it may cut, Grace is the cure.

Power, when others may falter and fall,
Power to stand steadfast and firm through it all,
Power to shout victory o'er death and the grave,
To triumph in Him who is "mighty to save."

Power to lay siege to the strongholds of Heaven,
And bring down the blessings so freely God-given;
To claim all that's promised to conquering faith,
Even all that God is, and all that He hath.

The promise is sure—"Ye shall receive power."
Oh, doubt them no longer, but trust God this hour,
His promise is to you He will surely fulfil,
And you with His Spirit, just now He will fill.

save. I pray our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavements and leave only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.—American Cry.

The Army in Java.

Officers Witness Peculiar Ordeal.

A foreign missionary, in whatever land his or her daily work lies, daily experiences events, many of them interesting, some saddening, and others dangerous; and our Army missionaries in Java have proved no exception to the rule.

While at Batavia, (writes and of these, we were invited to attend a ceremony marking the Chinese burying ground, where special sacrifices were to be offered to the

We witnessed several of these heathen actually wading through the water to gain special favour from the

fact high, and several yards long, and a white boat, carrying or

off, and through this, at a given signal, after burning paper prayers, in

and the poor creatures waded clinging to the five to the waves, and carrying their "The phe king, in

their hands. On our way home we passed one of these victims, and on asking, "Are you not terribly burnt?"

received the reply, "Yes, but we are not discouraged to make him speak the truth, suggesting that he must have used some means of

contaminating the water, but he persisted in his statement that it was "quite cold; my god would not let me get hurt." On being asked what special favour he had sought, he replied that he had a very wicked son whom he could not control, and he hoped his god would do it for him, by reforming his character. The experience increased our zeal to bring these poor creatures to the God Who delighteth not in burnt offerings and sacrifice, but a broken and contrite heart.—Australian Cry.

Hebrews xii. 6-7.

1 Peter ii. 21.

James iv. 8.

Romans viii. 37.

Matthew v. 48.

Romans xii. 1.

Luke i. 6.

Romans xii. 13.

Matthew vi. 33.

Galatians v. 24.

Colossians iii. 2.

Philippians ii. 3.

Hebrews iii. 17-19.

Matthew iv. 15.

Acts xvi. 33.

1 Corinthians vi. 11.

James v. 11.

Matthew v. 11.

Psalm iv. 12-14.

Proverbs xviii. 14.

John vi. 65.

Corinthians xv. 58.

Philippians i. 21.

1 Timothy iv. 7.

Malachi iii. 10.

Proverbs xiv. 7.

1 Peter i. 2.

Galatians iv. 7.

Romans iv. 21.

Matthew xii. 21.

Psalm cxv. 12.

Proverbs x. 18.

The Praying League

Special Prayer Topic: Pray that the Coming Self-Denial Effort may be a real blessing to all who participate in it, making special mention of those where the effort takes place in March.

Sunday, March 14th.—Water From the Rock. Exodus xvii. 1-33.

"YE SHALL RECEIVE POWER."—(Acts i. 8.)

This poem, for which I am indebted to an English Army publication, might form the basis of a Bible reading, or be given as a recitation, if thought desirable.—B. J.

How precious the promise to all who love God,
To all who are pardoned and cleansed by the Blood—
Ye shall receive power to witness for Me,
Ye shall receive power to conquerors be.

The Holy Ghost will in fullness come down,
Your hearts He will fill, your labours will crown;
Every chain shall be broken, and you shall be freed,
For power He will give you to meet every need.

Power over Satan and power over sin,
Power over evil, without and within,
Power over temptation: to do what is right;
To see from the darkness, and walk in the light.

Power to walk without stumbling or fear,
To keep the eye single; the conscience quite clear;
Power to rejoice in the Lord all the time,
Power not to murmur and not to repine.

2 Peter i. 4.

Acts ii. 39.

Acts ii. 22.

Philippians iv. 13.

Acts i. 5.

Matthew xvi. 26.

John vi. 28.

John xiv. 26.

Romans xvi. 26.

1 Thessalonians v. 23.

1 Corinthians x. 13.

1 Peter ii. 9.

Proverbs iii. 25.

Acts xxiv. 16.

Psalm lxxviii. 14.

Philippians ii. 14.

THE CALL OF WINTER.

"O the Cold and Cruel Winter!"—Longfellow's *Hiawatha*.

A Striking Leading Article on The Salvation Army from the London Daily Telegraph.

WE have taken repeated occasion to call attention to the extraordinary character of The Salvation Army, as an organisation of rescue. With the religious tenets associated with the name of General Booth, we are not concerned. Enough to say that even these, to many and many a perishing soul have been like a cable seized by drowning men. Faith at least as a new possession; hope as vital energy; charity as a tender and unending duty—these three of the eternal and universal virtues, without which all else is vain, have been given again to tens of thousands not reached by any other ministering agency, who, well nigh despairing of this world and the next, had almost resigned themselves to sink, and expected the seas of fate to close over their heads. Yet not on these things have we laid stress, for they belong to those offices of true religion which all communions claim. We have rather dwelt upon that aspect of the organisation of rescue in which no other religious or secular body attempts, or can pretend to compete with it—its comprehensiveness and efficiency as a means of social redemption. Not merely does it seek to mitigate immediate suffering and disease. It labours to prevent them where possible, and, where not, to build up sound moral and physical tissue. It works as the physician works, to restore, if need be, little by little, the full human vigour of frame and mind and heart. The Salvation Army in this business knows nothing of that typical spirit of "Caste" which is by no means confined to Asia. For it no human being is "untouchable." It devotes itself by preference to the poorest of the poor. Often as we have dwelt, and may again, upon the various special departments of The Salvation Army's Social activity, and although we have before had the satisfaction of inducing many readers of all creeds to aid General Booth and his people in the cause that is common to us all, we have never yet called attention to an appeal more powerful and direct than is made in this case for more urgent and pitiful purpose. We may be told that no matter how bitter the need, no new entreaty can hope to have effect. It will be said that the patience and the means of the more comfortable classes are alike exhausted. That is not true. We dare not let it be true. If charity were to deny while misery accumulated, our civilisation would not deserve to exist, nor, in the long run would even the harshest part of democracy care to sustain it under such conditions. If human brotherhood is still not a real bond in human society no other tie will stand.

The call of charity must be raised from time to time while the poor are with us, and it must be heard. Let any man judge of the facts. Do we realise who is the nature of winter? Do we conceive what winter means to London and in other great cities? Do we understand for a moment how tremendous, how ruthless, is the periodic transformation in social conditions that comes about when the biting weather takes wretchedness in its grip? When we speak of the rigours of winter, we imagine scenes of Arctic severity. They are nothing by comparison. In icy solitudes, either life is not, or man has adjusted himself to his environment. The Eskimos are, on the average, better fed, better clad, better sheltered than the majority of that part of London poor plunged into chronic poverty. For them winter is a word of fear—well if it be not the word of destruction. If body and soul are to be kept together, expenses arise. Yet the total of earnings must diminish. The building trades, for instance, contract. Much casual labour, even in periods comparatively prosperous for the rest of the twelve month, is thrown at this season upon the streets. Through the thin rags and tatters that served in summer, however disreputable to the sight, now cuts the cold. The minimum of food that sufficed in the warm weather, will not of itself keep off starvation now. The children wither. Their blue hands and feet and fumbled faces tell of sufferings in a civilised city as grim as any Arctic explorer ever dared, if he lived to tell the tale. Yet these little ones are not spared, though the cautioning voices of complacent politicians fill the air with promises of the reign of plenty. When winter searches and strikes, where is the firing in the grate to come from, whence the food to sustain even a thin flame of vitality, whence the clothing and the shoes? In many cases the sufferers move alone in their wretched rooms. They have not the spirit nor the strength, and, perhaps, not rage enough, to seek abroad even the help that the State provides; and so it comes that, if it were not for private charity diligently seeking out the worst cases, there would be oftentimes no help for dying men and ailing women, or the baby at the breast. None for unacclimated frames preyed upon by disease. And inexpressible horrors exist not because of lack of feeling among the well-to-do, but through the want of imagination in us all. What the eye does not see the heart does not grieve at. It is a commonplace maxim, yet terrible in its extent of its squalid and discreditable truth. Pity is easy when it is the reaction of our own selfish concern against the immediate

sight of suffering and pain. Wounds and laceration on the battlefield tell their tale. They call instantly for help. It would be refused by no one who could give it. Who, finding a starving man in the waste, would not give food? Who, finding human beings perish of thirst, would not bring water? Who, finding a single human being covered with but thin rags amid winter in the wilds, would not at once help to provide fit clothing? Let an accident occur in the factory, in the street, in any form that is sufficiently exceptional, and if we are near, we spring to the aid of the victims. Yet, what is even the breaking of a limb of an ordinary wound, compared with the slow grinding bitterness of cold and hunger, felt day by day in every weakening fibre, until existence is extinguished or debased for ever, and the physical and moral powers that alone make life worth living are gnawed away. We have abolished torture for criminals. Have we abolished it, then, for the crimeless? Is there no torture every day in modern London for hundreds, thousands, whose fate is not their own making? Is there no torture for women and children even? We leave the question to those who may dare to answer it.

And if such things are true of ordinary winters, what of this one? Unemployment is at a figure rarely reached. All the causes of social desolation are intensified. The Salvation Army's appeal tells of the consequences. We cannot better its words. The personal reports of General Booth's Officers are summarised. They know the chart of London poverty. They speak first of the children. Try to imagine the dire condition of these tiny wiles in this bitter watery weather—without proper home to shelter them, without sufficient clothing to cover them, lacking the food to nourish them, or, indeed to keep them alive." And, if we speak of "An Englishman's Home" what, in many cases, is it? "A squalid apartment, reached, perhaps, by a dilapidated staircase from an ill-smelling court or alley; no furniture of any sort, that you can discover in the cheerless gloom of the waning day; no bed worth the name—only a pile of rags or sacking in a corner; neither fire nor fuel." Yet such a shelter as this would appear home indeed, to those who have no roof above their heads. These are the social ghosts of our civilisation, the pinched waifs, the living spectres, the sodden incapables, the those less happy, who, not yet having reached the uttermost depths of degradation, can still feel. They who crouch on the Embankment in the dead of winter, or shuffle drearly through wet nights. "These are the dejected and homeless, the weary and footsore wanderers, hundreds of whom, men and women, can be seen in the early hours of any morning ravenously devouring the bowl of hot soup and the hunch of bread which The Salvation Army provides for them." With all these things and worse, the vast agency called into existence by the organising genius of one man's consuming zeal and irresistible energy endeavours to grapple. Without the alms of war cannot fight to win. Money has come already. His Majesty the King, has set the seal of his approval on the aims of The Army, by a donation of £100, and his subjects cannot fail to follow him once more in a campaign of beneficence. But let the response be as generous as it may, there will not be enough; and, spent in this way, let there be no mistake about it, money means the root of all good. Odd shillings, odd coppers, lightly spent by those whose minds are not awake to the world's frightful realities, would mean, if devoted to humane purposes—food, clothing, shelter, fire—renewed hope and energy, the rescue of the innocents from the dull massacre of daily starvation—the whole difference between tolerable life and living death or the immediate grave. The people of The Salvation Army, as we have said, keep the chart. They penetrate where few other social workers are seen. They, too, are "Missionaries of Empire," and not the least worthy of that name. They are acquainted with London misery in all its forms; they know where help is most needed; they know how it can best be given. They are utterly opposed to the haphazard impulsiveness of confused sentimentality. They strive to be, in their way, a lamp, sane, and efficient as hospital nurses. First they seek to be true to the word upon which their whole organisation and faith are built—they try simply to "save." Then, when they have restored to ability and wish to live, they sift all the circumstances, and consider what can best be done to make those who have been relieved, once more self-respecting and self-helping members of society. We say again those words which it is so often our duty to use—and it has been our reward and privilege never yet to use them in vain—"Give all thou canst." For those who give, whether it be little or more, will have that unfading happiness which comes from the feeling that we have been true to the best impulses of our own hearts; and they will breathe the more freely in the knowledge that they have rescued human misery to be somewhat less in the world.

Spiritual life not only proceeds from God, but partakes of His nature. The follower of God must be actuated by right, God-pleasing motives.

Band Chat.

Bandman Wright of Brantford, has been appointed Band Secretary. On Wednesday last the Band and Adjutant Habkirk delighted the Rawdon Street mission with salvation music. The Brantford "Courier," speaking of some of the evening's proceedings, says:

"The Adjutant and Captain McGorman gave some very clever instrumental music and Drummer Sly gave a recitation without notes, entitled, 'Johnnie and His Ten Cents.' The facial expression of 'Johnnie' when he could not find his ten cents, was wonderful to behold, all the lines of his features clearly showed poignant grief and intense agony which fairly brought down the house, but when the ten cents was found, the sudden change of 'Johnnie's' countenance to one of pleasure again caused stupendous mirth. At the close, the Rev. Mr. King made a humorous speech, and everyone went home feeling much blessed and cheered."

Many fluttering remarks have been heard of late concerning the marked improvement in the Wednesday Band. They have lately graduated into No. 2 Band Book, and already have one or two of the marches down "Pat." "Professor" Rawlings is handling the sticks more gracefully, Brother Robinson is playing more evenly; the Bandmaster is modifying the bass; the trifle, Happy Alice, is doing her best; smiling Joyce has taken up the baritone; Mrs. Robinson plays her part well; Captain Adamson and Brother Martin, the trumpeters, give the Band a nice sweet tone. —Band Critic.

London 11. Band is still forging ahead, and although the Songsters do sing pretty neatly and sweetly, yet the Band boys are practically their equals. A Male Quartette has recently been formed. So you see we are not doing so badly, are we?

Ottawa 1. Bandmen are taking especial interest in the revival meetings now in progress. The Rev. Warner, who is now in the hospital, awaiting a painful operation.

In response to repeated invitations, the Lippincott Band visited Yorkville on Monday night, February 22nd. A good crowd assembled. Yorkville has a great reputation for its well-remembered programme was a credit to both Bandmaster Bulmer and the Band Secretary, Captain Pattenden, whose hard work in connection with this now famous Band, is worthy of mention.

Home solos by the Bandmaster, a monstre bass solo by Bandmaster Martin, selections by the handbell ringers, and drills by the Bible class girls, were splendid items. Adjutant Kendah presided.

Ensign Urquhart, of Moncton, N. B., has started a "radio" orchestra. The instrumentation, although not great numerically, is very tuneful, with a cello, two violins, an auto-harp, and three guitars, the songs of Zion sound O. K.

Bandman Wareham, of Lisgar St., has been appointed Bandmaster. Ex-Bandmaster Hart will continue to be a member of the famous west-end Band. Bandmaster Wareham originally came out of Boncombe, England. He was Bandmaster of various B. C. For a time, and plays solo euphonium. The Band was re-commissioned on Sunday afternoon, February 21st.

Rumours of what? Why, new instruments for St. John's, N. B. Band, and not only instruments, but other improvements are forthcoming, also some special musical meetings. Bandmaster Allison is doing fine with the boys, and a class of learners has been started.

The Jamaica Congress.

CONDUCTED BY COMMISSIONER HIGGINS.

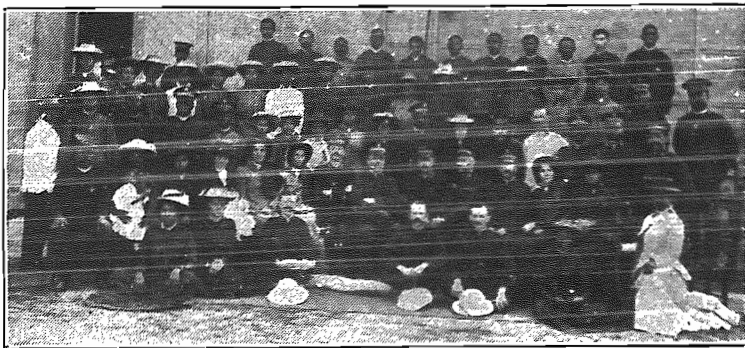
A Week of Hallowed Memories in the Capital—Ecological Addresses by Kingston's Mayor and the Colonial Secretary.

THE first sight Commissioner Higgins had of Jamaica was from the deck of the R. M. S. "Tagus." Kingston has magnificent surroundings. Approaching it over the still waters of its harbour, in the light succeeding sunrise, as the Commissioner did on the early morning of January 11th, the majestic mountain background is one of those sights not easily forgotten.

New Kingston is now taking shape, but there are still tottering fragments of walls, piles of fallen-brickwork and charred beams and twisted girders, the result of that shock, which lasting only thirty seconds, destroyed the city and with resulting fires, did damage to the extent of nearly \$8,000,000, and cost twelve or fifteen hundred lives, just two years ago to the day of the

were visited. The Territorial Commander and Chief Secretary accompanied the Commissioner. We covered 200 miles in the Government Railway trains, and about 90 miles by road in a two-horse buggy.

At Haddo, a peasant Corps, some of the Soldiers walked 12 and 14 miles to be present at the Sunday morning Holiness meeting. Some came on horse back, and some on foot. The meeting was a crowded one, in fact the solid stone hall could not accommodate the people. Adjutant and the Soldiers, some of whom had not seen the Commissioner before, were delighted. A fifteen mile drive brought us to the spacious Wesleyan Church at Sav-la-Mar, which was full of expectant people. After visiting Bluefields and Culloden, the Commissioner delivered a stirring address in the Black River court-house. Jamaica audiences may



Some of the West Indian Officers Assembled in Congress.

Commissioner's arrival. Our winter home travelled 5,000 miles by sea, not to see the beautiful mountains, or to enjoy the balmy fragrance of the flowering mango trees, or to see the graceful coco-palms, but to conduct the Annual Congress, and to study the campaign of the spot with the Administrative Officers.

Brigadier N. Glover, the P.O. of the South-Eastern Province, came 2,000 miles to be present, and the D.O. from Panama, with a good of his officers, arrived in few time. The Commissioner spent 12 full days in Jamaica dealing with various matters, amongst which a day was spent at the 30 acre Industrial Farm, Wakefield, where cattle rearing, banana, coco-nut and coffee growing were fully discussed.

A civic reception was given to the work's representative in the St. George's Hall, Kingston. The choir was occupied by the Mayor, and his Worship was supported on the platform by a representative gathering of citizens, amongst whom was the Acting Colonial Secretary, the Hon. Louis J. Herbert, C.M.G. (who spoke warmly of the work of the Army) and ministers of different denominations.

The ovation which the Commissioner received when rising to commence his address was enthusiastic and for over an hour he held the attention of the crowd while he spoke of one phase of The Army's work and another. It was a splendid address. References made to the General called forth hearty applause. Several gentlemen spoke, thanking the Commissioner for his speech, and expressing confidence in The Army and its work. The remarks of the mayor and others show how Kingston regards The Army.

The Itinerary embraced a tour to the Western part of Island. Haddo, Sav-la-Mar, and Black River Sections

be a little more difficult to address than those in Europe or America, but there are none the less appreciative and grateful.

It was an inspiring sight to see the crowd of seekers for Holiness in the Sunday morning meeting at Kingston: It was evident the hall could not hold the people who wished to hear the Commissioner so Captain Matchitt, the Officer in charge (an ingenious Irishman) rigged up an awning outside the hall to shelter the interested listeners from the sun's rays. In the early evening, the Commissioner spoke to some thousands of people gathered in the tropical Parade Gardens. It was an ideal meeting. The Chairman of the Parks Committee delivered a neat little speech full of eulogy immediately the Commissioner had delivered his fiery Salvation address.

We were fortunate in securing the Collegiate Hall, a splendid spacious place, well adapted for singing and speaking, and splendidly ventilated.

Seven Sessions were held in all, three of which were led by the Commissioner, and the balance by the Territorial Commander—the Commissioner having to leave for New York ere the Congress closed.

There were a few comrades absent through sickness and other causes amongst them being Mrs. Brigadier Measures, who was confined to her room with typhoid fever, Mrs. Adj. Beckett and Mrs. Blackman.

A special message was framed by the Territorial Commander and sent to the General in appreciative reply to his letter which was handed by the Commissioner to the Chief Secretary and read to the Council at the first Session. The Officers expressed their joy. They were deeply moved by the General's reference to his continued interest in their welfare. Long live our General. Long live the [Continued on page 11]

Pacific Paragraphs.

The Pacific has been distinctly favoured during late weeks with special whose visits to the various Corps have been greatly appreciated.

Major and Mrs. Plant are here with us. They have by their radio-spirited, so abundantly manifested, found a very warm place in the hearts of all Officers and Soldiers and friends, whilst their music and songs have thrilled and blessed us. Large crowds have everywhere flocked to hear them.

Captain Roe, at Port Simpson, B. C., has started a night school, with good success. They have had a splendid winter at this Corps, amongst the natives.

The S. A. in Dawson continues to prosper, under the faithful oversight of Ensign and Mrs. Johnston, Adjutant Donnie, and Lieutenant Walter and Sister Wright. What splendid times they are having.

Victoria Citadel's extensive alterations are nearly complete. Major and Mrs. Morris reopen the same the latter end of February. The building now presents a fine appearance, and the door and in, and we are full of faith for the future.

Staff Captain Hayes and Captain Knudson have a splendid hold of the Corps.

A Field change took place on February 21st, affecting the following Corps: Vancouver II, Vernon, Cranbrook, Fernie, New Westminster, and Nanaimo; either Commanding Officers or assistants in charge, at these places farwelling, say God bless abundantly, the Officers and Corps affected.

Captains Tanner and Haldenby leave us for a furlough in the East. We welcome this week Lieutenants Coffey and R. Mercer to the Pacific Coast Province.

A daughter was presented to Adjutant Thorliffe on February 11th, at Owen Sound. A wire informs us that mother and child are doing well.

By the kindly consideration of the Commissioner, Glen Vowell, one of our Indian Settlements, is to have this Spring a water turbine wheel, generating 45 horse power, with which to drive the saw mill.

Pray for our Officers engaged in the native work, and our native comrades—and send along a donation once in a while. We have over spent hundreds of dollars in Alaska and Northern British Columbia.

Letbridge and Vernon Bands are securing new instruments. The former Corps, only a few weeks ago, secured considerable money on a number, but our Bandmen are increasing, hence more instruments are required.

Fernie Corps is doing well under Captain Lucy Horne. The new Citadel and cottage have been doubly appreciated there, through the extraordinary severe winter months.

Captain Davidson, who, as assistant, leaves Fernie, and goes to Cranbrook, in charge, has done heroic service at this place.

Brigadier Hargrave spent Sunday, February 7th, at Ottawa II, Corps. Good meetings all day. The Brigadier's topics were warmly appreciated by both Soldiers and friends. One soul came forward in the evening meeting. We shall be pleased to see Brigadier again soon.—N. B.

THE WORLD AND ITS WAYS.

Preventable Blindness.

In a pamphlet recently issued by the New York Association for the Blind, the statement is made that one-quarter of all the blind children in all the blind schools of the country, are unnecessarily blind. They have been doomed to lifelong darkness, because at the time of their birth their eyes were not properly attended to. A disease known as Ophthalmia Neonatorum, threatens the eyes of newly born infants, and it has been discovered that a two per cent. solution of nitrate of silver dropped into each eye will destroy the germs of this disease without injuring the sight. If such a simple precaution will prevent blindness and avert lifelong suffering, it is worthy of being brought to the attention of all parents. In the directions given for the care of the infant's eyes the pamphlet recommends the careful cleaning of the baby's eyelids immediately after birth, absorbent cotton being used on a soft linen cloth, and warm water that has been boiled, or boric acid solution.

Each time that the child is bathed the eyes should first be wiped clean with boric acid solution, and everything brought near the eyes of the child must be absolutely clean.

If the eye-lids of the child should become red and swollen, or gummy along their borders when the child sleeps, or if mucous discharge is mixed with the tears, an oculist or physician should be consulted, or the child taken to the nearest dispensary. Each hour of delay adds to the danger.

Wonderful Japan.

In writing of Japan, Dr. Sven Hedin, the celebrated Tibetan explorer, says:

"Wonderful country! Wide awake, lovable, joyful people! How old, exhausted, and grey life is in other countries of Asia compared to that of the Land of the Rising Sun, where every man goes to work silently and dutifully, and the women smile, such even the rain is coming down in streams from the dull grey heavens. The Japanese are a people who believe in themselves, their own greatness, their own future; a people aspired to be superior to the loyal sense of duty, perseverance, and patriotism; a progressive and industrious people, awake, intelligent, and well-informed in all the ways of life."

About Wedding Customs.

Those who witness Army weddings cannot help but note the absence of various customs which are usually associated with such occasions. The scattering rice, throwing such wearing veils and orange blossoms, etc. In the Army we aim at simplicity, and think it is not wise to encourage the keeping up of old customs which have been handed down from the dim and shadowy past of them originating from heathenish superstitions. The custom of throwing a shower of rice over newly-wedded couples, for instance, comes to us from India, and originated in the idea that rice signifies fecundity. The Hindu bridegroom, at the close of the marriage ceremony, throws three handfuls of rice over the bride, and she replies by throwing the same over him. The "old shoe" custom is generally supposed to come from Hebrews, who, it is supposed, have originally implied that the parents of the bride gave up all authority over her. Orange blossoms were worn by brides among the Saracens because they were held to symbolize fruitful newness while the use of the bridal veil is a relic of the far-off time when the husband was not allowed to see his bride's face till after marriage. The pretty symbolism of these customs is lost sight of, however, and their continuation often borders on the ridiculous, and opens the door for much unseemly conduct. So it is time they ceased.

One custom we have retained, however, is that of the wedding ring, and even in our western world it is a pledge of loyalty. Perhaps there are not many who know, however, that the wedding ring was used among the ancient Hebrews, primarily with the



Pu-Yi, Emperor of China. His Father, Prince Chun, Regent and Controller of the Nation, and His Younger Brother.

Before her death the Empress Dowager appointed the three-year-old son of Prince Chun, Emperor, and the Prince himself, Regent. When the new Emperor was proclaimed, he was declared the adopted son of the Emperor Tung Chih, and thus the traditions of the imperial succession broken by the Empress Dowager when the late Emperor came to the throne were maintained. One of the first acts of the baby ruler was to canonize his predecessor, and to push nominally the doctors called to the late rulers. For the new reign the title Hsuan Tung (promulgating universally) has been chosen.

Idea that the delivery of a ring conferred power on the recipient, and his wife, wearing her husband's ring, shared his authority.

Janger In Kisses.

We have been hearing a great deal of late about combating tuberculosis, and have been told that certain disgusting habits of frequenters of smoking cars, as well as badly-ventilated, over-heated rooms, etc., contribute largely to the spread of this terrible scourge.

A writer now appears who tells us that the white man's custom of kissing is a means of spreading infection. "Any medical man will admit," he says, "how susceptible to contagion is the thin, moist tissue of the lips; it is indeed a veritable culture medium for bacteria."

Knowing, too, that in tubercular people the saliva invariably contains germs, how serious a problem is this kissing, even though the lips be pressed on the delicately covered forehead of a child?

He thinks that the question of indelible kissing should become a matter for legislation. The absence of this absurd habit among the Chinese, Hindus and Turks, he suggests, may have some connection with their apparent immunity from tuberculosis. Kissing is also denounced by him as highly dangerous, from a hygienic as well as a moral standpoint.

After that we had better all adopt the Moori custom of rubbing noses.

A World's Congress.

There is a scheme on foot to hold a World's Parliamentary Congress, at Ottawa, next August, which is expected to prove a big advertisement for Canada. It is stated that no fewer than 800 members, with their ladies, will come to the capital of the Dominion. The last meeting place was in Berlin, the capital of the German Empire. As all the European

Parliaments, including those of Russia and Turkey, as well as of the South American republics, will send influential representatives, it is not difficult to estimate what it all means to Canada, supposing all of these people are carried through the Canadian wheat-fields during the month of August next.

Big Stir at Boston.

The City of Boston has recently experienced a remarkable wave of revival, and thousands have accepted Christ as their Saviour.

Practically all the churches in Boston united in a supreme effort to sweep the tide of drifting humanity and under proper organization, the movement is spreading and people in all walks of life have come to recognize that the city is being moved by the power of God in a marvellous manner. The churches are now filled to overflowing and it is expected that the adjacent cities and towns will fall into line and like Boston will bring up before the public eye as the scene of revival gatherings.

The singing of the Gospel songs forms one of the chief features of the awakening and the city is now ringing with revival melodies. A number of revival hymns have been published in the newspapers, and a few days ago two drummers were seated in a train going out of Boston holding a newspaper before them and singing from it loudly, "Don't Stop Praying." A gentleman who happened to be in the same car, which was filled with people, said that he finally approached them and asked them if they were ministers. "Oh, no," was the reply, "we are just drummers." In case of the hotel's some theatrical women were singing "He Will Hold Me Fast," instead of their own songs. These are simply indications of the way in which the Gospel songs have permeated the entire city.

It is estimated that during the 27 days special meetings held by Dr. I. Wilbur Chapman and Mr. Alexander,

the attendance totalled up to 726,923 while there were over thirty thousand conversions.

New Bishop of Toronto.

On March 25th, the new Bishop of the Anglican Diocese of Toronto, the Ven. Archdeacon Sweeney, will be consecrated. His acceptance of the office has given general satisfaction. The new Bishop is a son of Colonel James Sweeney, of Westmount, and was born in London, England, in 1857. Coming to Canada with his parents while quite young, he was educated at the Montreal High School and McGill University, receiving his B.A. degree in 1878 and his M.A. in 1881.

In 1882, he accepted a call to St. Philip's Church, Toronto, where he has remained ever since. He is an active worker in the cause of Temperance. We congratulate him upon the result of the election.

Apache Chief Dead.

A striking character in United States history has just passed away in the person of Geronimo, the former war chief of the Apaches. In his earlier days he gave the Government a good deal of trouble and General Miles was ordered to kill or capture him and rout his band of warriors.

Operations were begun at Omaha, in 1885, but Geronimo and his band were not captured till two years later, after a three thousand mile chase. The old chief was confined in Fort Sill, where he came in contact with Christian missionaries, and it is stated that three years ago he professed conversion.

Premature Burials.

To be buried alive is a fate from which people shrink with horror, yet a speaker at the annual meeting of the National Association for the Prevention of Premature Burials, recently held in London, declared that he had come across 151 cases of persons of who, according to medical testimony, had been interred alive, and more than 200 cases of persons saved from that fate on the very brink of the grave.

Mr. A. F. Jenkins, of Baltimore, Md., stated that a day or two before he left the United States he learned of a case in which a loud shriek was heard from a coffin that had been placed in a trolley to be carried into a crematorium. Nothing could be done as the trolley already had been started and its progress into the flames could not be arrested.

In view of the facts a resolution was carried urging the Government to remedy the present unsatisfactory and dangerous State burial laws.

Wonderful Needles.

It is a constant matter of surprise to those outside of certain trades to observe the finished products of the skilled workmen who have devoted their time to one certain branch of their industry, and have, in consequence, become marvellously dexterous.

Many years back, the then king of Prussia visited a needle factory in his kingdom. He was shown a number of superfine needles, thousands of which tied together, did not weigh half an ounce, and marvelled how such minute objects could be pierced with an eye. But he was shown something even finer. The workman whose business it was to bore the eye in the needle, asked for a hair from the monarch's head. It was readily given, and with a smile, the borer placed it under his machine and made an eye in it. This he furnished with a thread, and then handed the singular needle to the astonished king.

Another most curious needle was in the possession of Queen Victoria. It was made at the celebrated needle manufactory at Redditch, and represents the column of Trajan in miniature. This "Victoria" needle, moreover, was opened, and contained a number of needles of smaller size, which are also adorned with such relief.

PICTURES AND PARAGRAPHS.



He Heard His Name.

Two young men sat at the back of an Army Hall in a certain Western city. They were both unsaved, and although pleaded with, time after time to give God their hearts, both sat like statues in their seats and never a word did they utter. On this Sunday night they had, as usual, strolled into the Hall. In the prayer meeting the Captain came and spoke to the young men, but no! they refused to give in. Soon after they left the Hall intending to go to the hotel where they lived. Said one to the other as they went upstairs to their rooms, "I don't feel like going to bed to-night, Jack." The other suggested that he should go down into the bar and get a drink. This advice he took, but he found that the bartender had retired.

And now the young man was alone. What was the matter with him? He felt restless and went outside only to wander aimlessly down street where again he drew near The Army Hall. Hark! what was that he heard? Someone mentioned his name as he passed the door. He listened and then with a loudly beating heart, peeped into the Barracks. There he saw a group of Soldiers, the Officers saying they were praying for him! Could it be possible, he thought? Anyhow he could hold out no longer and stumbling down the aisle, fell in the midst of the group and there gave himself to God. He had long waited for His Grace.

Long provoked Him to His face,

HE present position that The Army has attained in the island of Newfoundland, has opened a great door of opportunity, as regards educating the children, and it has been found necessary to appoint an Officer to deal exclusively with this branch of the work.

As Staff-Captain Cave possesses many of the qualifications such an important position calls for, he has been selected therefore, and will henceforth be known as Secretary for Education in Newfoundland. As for Education in Newfoundland, As the Sea-Dir Isle is his native land, no doubt the Staff-Captain will feel quite pleased to be home once more.

Twenty years ago he was a clerk in a store at Bay Roberts. He used to attend The Salvation Army, because, as he says, "there was no other place of amusement in town, and things used to get dull sometimes." One day as he was strolling along the street, a Salvation Soldier came up to him and said, "What do you think of Jesus?"

The question went like an arrow to his heart, and for three weeks he groined under the burden of conviction that rested on him. One Sunday night he made up his mind to obey the Spirit of God, and he found pardon and peace at The Army penitent form. He was a Soldier for eighteen months, and then went to the St. John's Garrison to be trained as

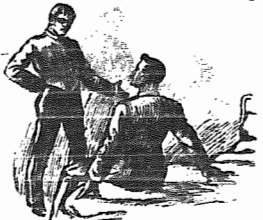
but it was all over now, God was the victor. To-day the young man is in training for Officership.

Saved by the Soldier's Death.

Amongst the British and Native troops garrisoned at the Military Station, of St. George's, in Bermuda, were two English "Tommys," who one day went to an Army meeting. They kept up a regular attendance and were deeply convicted of sin. They repeatedly threw to the winds all invitations to the Mercy Seat. One night as the two sauntered homewards one said to the other, "Bill, if you had gone to the penitent form tonight, I would have followed."

They made promises to go the next night, which for one of the two men, never came. He was stricken down with a malady and died that day unsaved.

This was enough for his chum, who immediately betook himself in company with several of the firing party and the bugler (who blew the "last farewell" of the comrade who died) to The Army meeting and all got gloriously saved. The barrack-room had a different aspect the next day, when the converts began their first battles for God. And not only did they seek and find the Saviour, but a soldier lad, who six years ago



promised his dying mother that he would serve God, who had sadly forgotten his promise, was so impressed by the sudden death of the unsaved soldier, that he too came to Jesus and instead of singing the devil's songs in the canteen is singing for God and The Army. Some of the men hope to become Officers in The S. A., too.

An Old Man's Gratitude.

The Army! Oh yes, sit down I want to talk to you," The Officer whom an old man ad-

dressed was visiting a little place some distance from a great city in North-East Ontario, and the old man, a Christian in the truest sense of the word and whose hair was now as snow, received a call.



"Yes," continued the old man, settling himself in an easy chair, "we, Sally and I, love The Army, although we cannot get to any meetings now-a-days 'cause we're too far from any Barracks. 'Tis a pity."

"How long have I been converted? Oh, well now, let me see. Its over twenty years ago, and I was in San Francisco at the time. There I saw The Army in the open air, and they somehow suited me right down to the ground. Anyrate, I went to some of their meetings and finally was led to Christ in one of them. My wife also was soon converted and we became as happy as the day.

"But here we are in our last days. So now, out of gratitude for the dear old Army, I want before I leave this world, to give all my belongings and estate over to your cause. The Army shall have it all."

As the little group knelt in prayer, the Officer, ere he took his departure, was led to praise God for The Army open air meetings in far off California.

Lessons of Lasting Influence.

Jumping from her seat in a recent week night meeting held in a Toronto home, a young woman flung herself at the mercy seat. Her story was a sad one. Her father, now a drunkard, was at one time a good, whole-hearted Christian. Ella, as we will call her, was also a good girl and a Salvationist, and even when her father fell away from God, Ella held on till—alas! one day she too gave up her cross and returned to the world. But there was something that clung to poor Ella. She had in her earlier days attended The Army Company meetings, and now do what

she could the lessons she learnt there, the good, pure and simple teaching imbibed, troubled her day and night. "I can never forget those Junior meetings," she said to the Corps' Officer, who visited the home one day. "They've stuck to me all the time."

The invitation to the meetings was one night accepted and the result was as we have seen. The influence of the young woman is now to be felt in her parent's home, where as in the meetings, she again tells of a Saviour's love from experience.

The Result of a Drunkard's Mistake.

Although still suffering from the effects of former carousals, an old man one day recently, tied his horses to a post by the door of what he supposed was a saloon, and walked across the sidewalk for another drink. But as he entered the door he was surprised to find nothing but empty seats. It was early morning in the Western town when the incident occurred and the man was about to retrace his steps when he was seized by a strong hand. It was the hand of an Army Officer, for the poor old drunkard had wandered into The Army Barracks, thinking he would there be able to quaff "his glass," as too often he did in the bar-room.



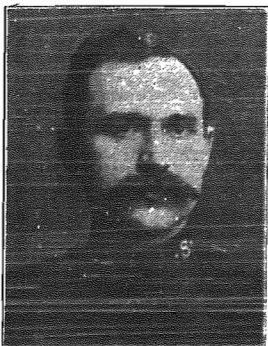
The Officer was not long in explaining to the old fellow where he was and took the opportunity of showing him the folly of his ways, whereupon, the two knelt down and prayed.

That night the drunkard again came to the Hall and before the meeting closed found Salvation at the Mercy Seat. He afterwards confessed that for the eighteen years he had resisted the strivings of God's spirit and that he was one of the worst drunkards in town, everyone well knew.

In a recent testimony he stated that his horses knew he was converted.

Newfoundland's Secretary for Education.

A Brief Sketch of the Life of Staff-Captain Cave.



Staff-Captain Cave.

sent in charge of Seal Cove, having to teach school by day, and conduct meetings at night.

In 1885 he was promoted to Captain, and appointed to assist Major Sharp at Provincial Headquarters. He studied hard during the next few years, to qualify himself for the school work, and in 1889 was appointed to the St. John's Education Department. About this time he married Ensign Allan. She, too, was much interested in the education of the young and started a small school of her own especially for the children of the Soldiers of the Corps. Only fifteen attended at first, and they all sat around an old table in the No. 1 Barracks. As it became known, however that The Army had started a Day School, more children attended, and before many months had passed, over two hundred flocked to the Barracks, requiring a staff of six teachers to handle them.

Many of these children are to-day Officers in The Salvation Army, and some are school teachers.

In 1901 Staff-Captain Cave received orders to farewell from Newfoundland, and proceed to Barre, Vermont, as District Officers. The following year they were appointed to

Picton District, Moncton and Springfield followed, and from the latter place, Mrs. Cave was promoted to Glory. The Adjutant became Cashier for the Eastern Province in 1904, and two years later was appointed to the Immigration Department, at Toronto. In 1907 he was promoted to the rank of Staff-Captain.

His present appointment is one of great responsibility, and will involve the inspection of all The Army Schools in Newfoundland, the training of teachers, and the general oversight of Educational matters. It will give our readers some idea of the extent of the work of Education in Newfoundland, when we state that we have twenty-four Schools to which a government grant is allowed, and fifteen private Schools conducted by Corps Officers. The staff of teachers for the government Schools numbers thirty, twenty of whom are Army Officers.

We are sure that Staff-Captain Cave will accomplish a very useful work. May God bless him.

Large crowds attend the meetings at Strathroy. Lieut. Colonel Sharp recently visited us, and we had a delightful time. On Sunday Lieutenant Best gave us each a valentine message from the good old Bible. Another soul was saved, and on February 18th several converts were enrolled.—A. H.

PERSONALITIES.

The Field Secretary conducted two very profitable Officers' Council meetings, at Hamilton, on Monday, March 1st.

Lieut.-Col. Pugmire, Mrs. Brigadier Abby, Major Phillips, Staff-Captain Fraser and other Officers conducted services at both the Central Prison and Mercer Reformatory, Sunday, February 28th.

Mrs. Major Green has been quite indisposed with an attack of tonsillitis. We are glad to say she is now slowly recovering. The Major has suffered from an attack of a gripe.

Hamilton is still an ambitious city, and evidently a Salvation Army one, too; for we hear Major Green is looking around for a suitable spot for the opening of a fourth Corps.

Staff-Captain White recently spent several days at Peterborough in connection with the alterations and extensions soon to be under way. The Staff-Captain says he was agreeably surprised at what he saw at the Corps, on which Staff-Captain Walton has a splendid hold. The Junior work practically eclipses anything of its kind in the country, and certainly deserves the forthcoming new Hall. Captain Walker is on the financial work in the Electric City.

Adjutant Knight has been appointed to take charge of Brantford Corps.

Adjutant Southall had a narrow escape with her life in a recent conflagration, at Edmonton, when Mr. Travis Barker's store fell a victim to the flames.

Adjutant Cooper has been granted a lengthened furlough on account of ill-health. He is suffering from some acute stomach trouble, which will prevent him doing public work for a time, at least.

Ensign and Mrs. Peacock have returned to Toronto from North Sydney, where they spent a few days, and where the Ensign had the privilege of conducting some meetings, including a united one, on Monday, February 22. On both the Eastward and Westward journeys, the train encountered fierce snow storms, and was delayed almost a whole day.

Ensign and Mrs. Coy have been appointed to command Orillia Corps, Ont.

Ensign Christopher Jarvis writes us hopefully concerning his health. He longs to be back at the battle's front.

Captain Duckworth, who has been resting at Calgary, on her way to Vancouver has been suffering from an attack of tonsillitis.

Captain and Mrs. Ogilvie have taken charge, pro tem, of the Halifax Metropolitan.

Captain B. Boura is prospecting in New Ontario, in view of commencing B. A. operations in Elk Lake City.

Captain Murphy, of Port Hope, has been in Toronto for a few days, and appears to be recovering from her recent attack of smallpox.

USES OF DARK DAYS.

BY THE GENERAL.

I WONDER whether you ever have any dark days? You have bright days—days of joy and gladness—I am sure. You have days when your dearest friends are near you, when your homes are sunny, when your spirits are light, when your hearts are warm. You have bright days, when salvation is realised, when you can read your title clear, when God, "even your own God," is felt to be a God nigh at hand, and not far off.

You have days of victory, when things prosper and souls are won.

Yes, I have no doubt you have your bright days. But do you ever have dark days, when mysterious providences are your portion, when your spirits sink, when your hearts melt within you, when everything goes contrary to your wishes, when the very world appears to be coming to an end, or you almost wish it would? Do you ever have dark days?

COMMON TO GOD'S SAINTS.

But why do I ask you? I have no doubt that you have dark days; if you had not you would stand alone. Right away from the beginning dark days have been the lot of all God's saints, and will be, I expect, right away to the end.

Those were dark days when Adam and Eve turned their backs on Paradise; when Noah looked out of the window of the Ark on a drowning world; when Lot, escaping from Sodom, had to push forward and leave his wife a pillar of salt behind him, lest he, too, should perish in disobedience and unbelief.

That was a dark day when Abraham rose up early in the morning and journeyed off to Mount Moriah, in obedience to the Divine command, to offer up in sacrifice, Isaac, the Son of Promise, the boy on whom all the hopes of his life were set.

That was a dark day when Job sat on the dunghill covered with boils—houses gone, children gone, oxen and goats gone, health gone, and last, and not least, his poor wife's confidence in God going, if not gone already.

Those were dark days for David when he felt as though he were in Hell already; and those must have been three awfully dark days that Jonah spent in the belly of the whale.

But time would fail me to tell of the dark days of trial and sorrow that Daniel and Jeremiah and all those ancient worthies were called to suffer.

CHRIST ON THE CROSS.

To no other being, however, have such dark days come as to the Master Himself. Think of the darkness that was on His spirit in the Wilderness, in Gethsemane, at Pilate's bar; and, oh, think of the black eclipse of feeling He must have endured when the light of His Father's countenance was withdrawn, as He hung dying on the Cross!

And, coming down to later times, I might speak of Paul and Peter, and the martyrs, and numbers of holy men and women whom we have known and loved, who have passed through long nights of darkness to the Country where there is no more night—where the sun no more goes down—the Land of Everlasting Day.

I, too, have had my dark days—and I have them still. Dark—oh, so very dark! at times, with my Saviour, I have felt like crying out: "My God, my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?"

So dark days are not uncommon. Still, we do not like them. They are not to our fancy, are they? We would like all our days to be bright, would we not? We would like our summer to last all the year. If it were, left to our choice we would prefer that there should be no Infirmary, no poverty, no persecutions, no difficulties, no mistakes, no temptations, and no disease, and specially would we like that there should be no more death. But these things are so; and I have no doubt, that you, with thousands more, will have often asked the question, "What do these dark days mean? Do they answer any wise and useful purpose?"

VALUE OF TRIAL AND ADVERSITY.

Dark days strengthen the soul. Perpetual and uninterrupted sunshine, soft and genial weather, make weak, sickly, and short-lived men and women. Frost and gloom and darkness make hard and vigorous people.

Just so, prosperity and pleasure and plenty make easy-going saints; while persecutions, difficulties and temptations make salvation heroes.

Dark days are instructive. No place like the school of adversity for teaching wisdom. "Before I was afflicted I went astray," says the Psalmist. That is to say, in health and pleasure his head was turned in vanity and he drifted off into sin; but when the dark days came, they made him think and turned his heart to wisdom.

Dark days drive the soul up to God. Nothing succeeds in throwing a man back upon his Maker like affliction, with poverty and disappointment and the darkness that they bring with them. When a man has no other friend, or at least no one able effectually to help him, he seeth the "brother born for adversity."

Dark days increase the brightness of the bright days that are to come. What a magnificent background the sorrows of earth will form to the joys of Heaven! How the tears and pains and crosses of this life will set off and render more glorious, the songs and crowns and glories of the skies!

COURAGE AND FAITH.

Oh, what a world of mercy and comfort is to be found in Paul's words. "Our little afflictions, which are but for a moment, work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

What, then, shall we do with the dark days? What is the proper way to treat them, my comrades? Well—Don't despair. That won't make the darkness any the less. I know how at such times the temptation which says, "Give up!" comes rolling over the soul. But you must fight it, and look to the hills for help.

Inquire whether any unfaithfulness on your part has brought the clouds along.

If you have been playing Jonah his any shape or form, repent and do your first works, as Jonah did. Perhaps you have refused to go to Nineveh. If so, your remedy for darkness

and hardness and sadness is to pack up and get away to your duty. That is the way to end your dark days.

Have faith in God. He is not far away. Have patience. Let neither men nor devils, nor bright days nor dark ones, turn you aside from the path of faithfulness. Wait awhile, and the clouds will roll by and the sun will shine again. Yes, the sun will shine again, and that far brighter than ever.

REVIVALISTS AT ORILLIA.

Major Simco and Captain Golden Have a Good Campaign.

Orillia. We have been highly favoured with a 10 days' Special Revival Campaign led by Major Simco, assisted by Captin Golden. For real heart searching talks, they might be equalled, but not excelled for they have been of the deepest character. It has been our privilege to listen to, indifference, inkwarmness, half-heartedness, etc., was so faithfully dealt with that many realised their low spiritual condition, and quite a number sought the blessing of Sanctification, and definitely renewed their covenants with God. The Major's faithful appeals to the unconverted, her exposure of sin, and its effects also, the Captain's earnest entreaties and soul stirring songs, backed home by the power of God, will, we are confident, bring forth fruit in days to come. They, with the comrades, struggled hard to bring the unconverted to an immediate surrender to the claims of God, and 12 sought and obtained pardon.

Monday night's meeting seemed to be the climax. The testimonies given by Soldiers as to direct, and personal blessings, individually received, must have cheered and fully impressed the Major and Captain of a definite work done in the hearts of those who testified. The Major's talk in this meeting on the coming of the Son of Man, was of such a deep character that it will no doubt live in the hearts and memories of those who were privileged to listen to it for years to come. All felt they were in a Heavenly atmosphere. The Major's lecture on Pioneer days in France and Switzerland was very helpful and much enjoyed, and we all shall long for a return visit.—J. A. F.

Captain Dunlop has been appointed to assist Staff-Captain Collier, at the Vancouver Metropolitan.

Captain Cosby has now fully recovered from her recent serious illness through typhoid fever, and is taking an appointment.

Captain Hunt, of Newmarket, whilst in Toronto a few days ago, had the joy of shaking hands with the first soldier he won for God in far away Saskatchewan. The Captain was but a week-old convert at that time. His convert is now a Cadet at the Training College.

Secretary Pearson, of Peterborough has recently been bereaved of his beloved wife after a short illness.

Sister Mrs. Ward, a promising League of Mercy worker, died, the loss, by death, of her husband.

Several of the men prisoners at the Central Prison have been paroled on The Army's recommendation.

General Order.

SELF-DENIAL WEEK,

1909.

The Annual Week of Self-Denial will commence on Saturday, May 1st, and conclude on Saturday, May 8th

After Easter Monday (April 11th) no demonstration of a financial character (except on behalf of the Self-Denial Fund) must take place in any Corps until the campaign is closed, without the permission of Headquarters.

Officers of all ranks are responsible for seeing that this general order is observed.

T. B. COOMBS,
Commissioner.



Reader, Don't Forget This: "The Wages of Sin Is Death."

At the Massey Hall.

The Alexander Choir Assists Brigadier Southall in a Great Salvation Meeting.

THE WAR CRY

PRINTED FOR Thomas B. Coombs, Commissioner of the Salvation Army in Canada, Newmarket, Ontario, by the Salvation Army Printing House, 11 Albert St., Toronto.

All manuscript to be written in ink or by typewriter, and on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly. All communications referring to the contents of THE WAR CRY, contributions for publication in its pages, inquiries about it, should be addressed to THE EDITOR, S.A. Temple, Toronto. All matters referring to subscriptions, despatch and change of address, to the Trade Secretary, All Churches, Post Office and Magazine Orders should be made payable to Thomas B. Coombs.

LOOK AFTER YOUR FOUNDATIONS

As will be seen by the reports in this issue, our beloved leader, The General, is again in the firing line, and we are glad to notice that his return to public life, after his brief, and involuntary exile, has been signalled by what many people will consider an important event—the visit to the Prince and Princess of Wales, at Marlborough House. As will be seen, the visit was of considerable duration, and evidently of the most cordial character. There is, however, another report which we think will be read with equal pleasure—the account of the meeting he held with the Headquarters Staff. We all appreciate The General's genial reference to himself, but there is one remark made by him, which we should like to urge upon the attention of our readers, whether Salvationists, or those who do not bear that name. It is this: "look after your foundations." This is vital advice, no matter how fine the superstructure of life may be, if the foundations are rotten, or unsubstantial, our splendid edifice will one day topple upon us, and bury us in its ruin, but if the foundation is firm the superstructure will be safe. Now the foundation of all morality is Christ, and the foundation of a life, of purity, and honour, is Christ in the heart. Have you Christ there, or does the world engross your affection? If so let us warn you the world is shifting sand, and nothing that is reared upon it will stand the shock of the Judgment Day. If you have Christ, dear reader, let us urge upon you to see to it that nothing be allowed to cause you to quit that solid rock.

THE meeting at the Massey Hall, on Sunday, February 28th, was of special interest, owing to the fact that the famed Alexander Choir was present. This Choir, composed of over three hundred singers, gathered out of the various Toronto churches, occupied the platform, and, under the direction of Mr. Fulcher, sang Gospel songs with an earnest desire that they might be blessed of God to the salvation of some soul. Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire presided over the meeting, and, after giving out the first song, he called on Brigadier Taylor to pray. Mr. Littlehales then read the 40th Psalm, pausing at the end of every few verses to make some suitable comments, or to relate a bit of his own experience. He praised God for bringing him up out of the horrible pit of scepticism, and placing him on the rock of assurance. In his earlier days, he said, he had been employed on the railroad, and the result of his conversion and subsequent testimony before his mates, was, that the brakeman, conductor, and fireman of the train he was on, all turned to the Lord.

Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire then spoke a few words in appreciation of the Choir, saying that he was pleased to observe the spirit that possessed them, for previous to coming on to the platform, they had spent a short time in united prayer that God's blessing might be upon their efforts. He went on to say that he believed the ministry of song had as large a part in winning souls to Christ as the ministry of preaching. The Choir then sang what Mr. Fulcher declared was his favourite song. The chorus, which he got the audience to sing un-

til they knew it, was as follows:—
"Like Jesus, like Jesus,
I want to be like Jesus;
I love Him so, I want to grow—
Like Jesus every day."

The Temple Band, under the direction of Captain Hanagan, then played "Jerusalem, my happy home," after which Brigadier Southall rose to give his address.

First of all, he described Paul's journey to Athens; his delight upon beholding that historical city, surrounded by so many reminders of its glorious past; his astonishment at the number of temples he saw, and his grief at finding an altar erected to the unknown God. In spite of their culture, their learning, and their philosophy, these Greeks knew not God, and so Paul thundered out at them his message of repentance, warning them that there was a day of judgment coming for all. The Brigadier then drove the lesson home to his audience, urging them to repent of sin, and be converted. Two reasons he gave why all men should repent. First, because they cannot understand God until they do, and second, because God has appointed a day of judgment. At the conclusion of the Brigadier's address, a young lady stepped forward and sang a song of invitation to sinners. The whole choir took up the chorus, which is as follows:—

"Step out for Jesus, now,
Step out for Jesus, now,
Simply believe, and salvation receive
Oh, step out for Jesus, now!"

This song was composed by Mr. Thompson, of Toronto, and is becoming very popular in evangelistic service.

During the prayer meeting, so-

ven children and adults came to the mercy seat, a little girl leading the way. The Choir sang and prayed throughout, and the meeting was concluded by their singing a song with the refrain, "Jesus is coming, Jesus is coming, again."

On the whole, it was a very bright, helpful and effective service.

Judging by the News Letter from the Eastern Province, the P. C., P. S., and D. O's are well on the warpath. Unfortunately there is a good deal of sickness in this Province. May God speedily restore our sick Comrades.

Lieutenant-Colonel Sharp, in his Weekly Despatch, informs the Commissioner that "The War in the Western Ontario Province is at the present time in a very satisfactory condition. Everything seems to be taken a very hopeful future. One or two regular hard Corps are beginning to bud, and bring forth leaves and fruit." The last statement is most gratifying. Oh! that we may have a Revival in some of the small hard places.

News concerning our Campaigners is always welcome. Referring to the visit of Major and Mrs. Plant, to the Pacific Province, the P. C. says: "The Major and his wife excelled themselves in their music and singing. Not only were they well rewarded in their efforts by the generous financial response, but the meetings will also be of very great service to us, and uplift the general tone of The Army from a musical standpoint."

The Young People's Legion is taking root in St. John's. Already they have about 60 or 70 members. Special Cookhouse Classes have been started by Mrs. Colonel Rees, and Mrs. Staff-Captain Barr. The young people are taking a real interest in all that is being taught them.

On Tuesday, February 16th, Windsor Band League members enjoyed a social evening in the local.

Headquarters' Notes.

Some very important conferences have been held at Territorial Headquarters, during the past few days, relative to the celebration of The General's Eightieth Birthday. By all accounts the form the celebration will take is likely to commend itself to all, and prove a great impetus to the onward march of The Salvation Army. We shall have more to say about this in a later issue.

As will be seen, elsewhere, The General has visited the Prince and Princess of Wales at the Marlborough House. Of course, as Salvationists, we are delighted at the recognition of The General's work for humanity, and everyone of us should take encouragement from it, and go on more heartily with that work for God and humanity, which has won so many marks of divine favour, and in these latter days is so much appreciated by those who have the welfare of their fellows at heart.

Most of the Comrades who are on the sick list are showing gratifying signs of recovery. This is notably so in the case of Lieutenant-Colonel Howell, and Brigadier Stewart, both of whom we are happy to say, are making splendid progress towards recovery, and are grateful to the Comrades for their prayers, and solicitude.

The Editor is in the throes of the Easter Cry, and those of us who have been privileged to see advance proofs of pictures and articles, have high hopes of hearing from the Comrades in the Field, a somewhat familiar expression—"the heat yet!" May it prove to be so.

Major Morris, of the Pacific Province, has been busy with property matters. One of the heat pieces of business is connected with the Victoria Building. The work is nearing completion, and is so good that the Major says, "the appearance of the Hall will add to The Army's prestige, as well as ensure better crowds in the future." In this connection we tender our congratulations, not only to the Major, but to Adjutant Bloss, who done good work in collecting for the building.

Although Commissioner Cadman has left us it is pleasing to read the following from the Pacific Province Weekly Despatch: "The Commissioner's meetings were very successful indeed. He seemed to be highly appreciated, had magnificent crowds, as well as a harvest of souls."

Good news is to hand from Lieutenant-Colonel Rees in Newfoundland. For instance, at Grand Falls, our people have secured a splendid site of half an acre for a Hall from the Anglo-Newfoundland Development Company. All the lumber necessary for putting up the building will be supplied gratis. With regard to spiritual side of things, the P. C. reports that at a number of Corps, a splendid soul-saving work is in progress. At St. John's, too, they are experiencing a grand outpouring of God's Spirit. In two weeks they have had 33 souls at the penitential Form, and large crowds are attending the meetings. Good! Go ahead, Comrades.

THE GENERAL Meets the International Headquarters' Staff at Clapton.

A Delightful and Enthusiastic Gathering.



LADNESS was the top note of the welcome at Clapton, on Wednesday night last, says the British Cry.

For the first time since his operation, The General met leading Officers of International Headquarters' Staff, who were thus able to congratulate him upon his happy issue from that trying experience. And this was also The General's first public event since he submitted to his medical advisers.

There was a feeling of elation that God in His great mercy, had blessed the skill of the oculist, and had restored our beloved Leader to the Fight; of gratitude that his general health was so good; of expectation because he was in such excellent form.

And this spirit was shared by the Chief of the Staff and Mrs. Booth, as well as by the Commissioners who supported The General on this interesting occasion.

The General lives in the affections of his people. King of hearts, someone has called him, and it is not a bad description. And if he is especially enshrined anywhere, it is in the hearts of his Staff Officers. The General is loved more as he is known better, which certainly cannot be said of all great figures in history.

There was, indeed, no mistaking the mutual satisfaction with which Leader and followers found themselves again in their accustomed places.

A devotional song; a prayer of impassioned fervour by Commissioner Carleton, who thanked God for His loving kindness and tender mercy, and for restoring our beloved Leader; and the Chief of the Staff expressed the pleasure which all felt at seeing The General again in our midst.

I am sure (the Chief said) The General will allow me to say how grateful we are to God for His goodness in bringing him amongst us again. And, if I may add another word, we feel it is very appropriate that a select gathering of this character should be the first to greet him on his return to the firing line.

We have all been helped and blessed, General, by your patience and your fortitude, and by the good spirits in which you have gone through these recent experiences, and we think more highly of you, and love you better, than before.

There are, I suppose, circumstances in all of our histories which illustrate the truth that "absence makes the heart grow fonder;" and in this case, literally thousands and tens of thousands of hearts have been drawn out to our dear General in greater tenderness and affection than ever, while watching, from a distance, the proceedings in that darkened room at Hadley Wood.

When The General rose to speak, he met with an ovation which did one's soul good.

There is a bond of comradeship in Army circles.

It was a memorable scene, this return of The General to what the Chief so well called "the firing line"—The General standing before the table with his soul in his eyes, and his Officers, with hearts full of gratitude, expressing their pleasure at seeing him, by prolonged applause well rounded and well sustained.

And then The General plunged into a vigorous and impressive speech, which showed that his mind had not been idle, though he had had perforce to turn aside for the moment from the work which he loves so well.

From the bottom of my heart (he said) I thank you for this kind, this hearty, and this enthusiastic reception! I return, as it were, to public life. And the absence has not been of choice. It has not been exactly solitary confinement; but most certainly it has been involuntary—(laughter and a volley)—and I am very glad indeed to feel that I am once more back in the workaday world, with its activities and opportunities, and going to take, I trust, as prominent and useful a part as ever before in the mighty conflict that is raging all around us.

Solomon says that as "Iron sharpeneth iron; so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend." Anyway, I am sure your countenances sharpen me up to-night, and I hope I may, as in the past, be able to sharpen the countenances of some of my comrades who are present on this occasion.

A few personal remarks as to the operation itself, and The General continued:—

I am gradually getting into shape, and am in as good health and vigour—or more so—as I was when I lay down for the operation, and with as much vitality and "go" in me as I have had for years gone by.

What have I been doing? Well, you can rely upon it I have not been idle! I do not remember a single day on which I have given myself up to unemployment. And amongst other things, you may be quite sure I have been thinking about you—wondering how you were getting on; sympathising with you in your difficulties, and making plans which will further your success and make for your greater happiness and usefulness. And, so far as I could, I have been writing—or dictating, which has been a wearying job to me; nevertheless, I have struggled through, and have prepared for the Press, I suppose, something like 25,000 words.

From this aspect of The War, The General, projecting his mind into the future, passed to his programme for the next few months, a programme which, for length, diversity of operations, strenuous labour involved, as (Continued on page 11.)

The Prince of Wales and The General.

A CORDIAL RECEPTION AT MARLBOROUGH HOUSE.

General Booth, says Lloyd's Weekly News, on Wednesday morning (Feb. 17th), paid a visit to the Prince and Princess of Wales, at Marlborough House. He had an interview, occupying an hour and twenty minutes.

The warmth with which The General was received, and the kindly manner in which his words were listened to were very marked. Their Royal Highnesses were much gratified by the reports which The General gave of the progress of The Salvation Army work in the United Kingdom, and many other parts of the world, questioning him in detail with regard to particular departments. It was evident that the wide and varied ramifications of The Army were a matter of much interest to both the Prince and the Princess.

At the termination of the interview the Prince intimated his desire that The General should convey to the Officers and Soldiers of The Salvation Army his Royal Highnesses' congratulations on The Army's success, and his warm wishes for its still greater advance in every part of the world. The Princess associated herself with the Prince's generous words.

Before and after the interview various members of their Royal Highnesses' suite warmly greeted The General, and nothing could have exceeded the kindness and cordiality with which the veteran leader of The Army was received.

The Prince followed up the interview by a kindly worded letter enclosing a donation of fifty guineas.

Their Church Got Burned Down

And the Commissioner Gives His Service to Help Them Build Another.

The Commissioner recently gave his service, "From Bethlehem to Calvary," in the Westmoreland Avenue Methodist Church, the proceedings going towards the building fund. Some time ago this church was burned down, and the pastor, Rev. Mr. Bowles, approached the Commissioner, and asked him to give his service in the Dunn Avenue Church to aid them in raising funds for re-building. Upon the new church being completed, the pastor again invited the Commissioner to repeat the service in the new building, and the Commissioner gladly consented. The church was crowded, and everyone was delighted with the service, which was splendidly conducted by the Commissioner, in spite of his rather poor physical condition. The Chief Secretary, and Lieutenant-Colonel Pugmire accompanied the Commissioner, also the Male Choir, and all assisted in the service. At the close a number expressed a desire to serve God. The proceeds amounted to about £300, which sum will greatly help our friends in their misfortune.

The Week-End's Despatches.

If You Want Reading That Will Inspire
You, Read These Reports.

THESE REPORTS SHOW A SPLENDID WEEK OF SOUL-SAVING

COL. SCOTT AT WINDSOR, ONT.

Other Visitors, Too.
Windsor, Ont. On February 11th we had a Doughnut Social, which was well attended. We were delighted by a visit from Colonel Scott and Staff from Detroit, on February 18th. The Jones Sisters accompanied them, as well as a number of comrades from Detroit; it was a fine meeting, being both interesting and instructive; the Jones Sisters singing three selections, accompanied by their instruments. The Colonel gave a very helpful and inspiring address. We extend a hearty invitation for them all to come again soon. On Friday 19th we had with us Captain Bunton, His Lime-light Service was good. Sunday, Feb. 21st the meetings were conducted by Captain L. Thompson, and Lieutenant Kate Doherty. At the close of the night meeting six precious souls sought and found Jesus.—M. R.

ENROLLMENT OF RECRUITS.

Deliverance of Captives.

St. John's I., Nfld.—We had an enrollment on Sunday afternoon, conducted by Adjutant Smith, who enrolled nine Soldiers under the Blood and Fire Flag. On Sunday morning and night, February 14th, we had Mrs. Lieut.-Colonel Rees with us; we enjoyed her visit, and the power of God was manifested. Sunday afternoon one soul came and gave her heart to God, and at night five souls found deliverance from sin.

On Thursday night, we had a special meeting, entitled, "Songs and Poems," illustrated from life. A good crowd was present and enjoyed the meeting.—War Correspondent.

VISIT OF A SOCIAL OFFICER.

Long Pond.—We can report further victories here. On February 7th, Adjutant Moulton, from The S. A. Sholter, St. John's, was with us. Three souls came out at night. Since then, four more have sought Jesus. On Sunday, February 14th, we had an enrollment, when six comrades took their stand beneath the dear Old Flag. We hope for another enrollment soon.—H. Whitthire, Capt.

The meetings at Listowel, on Sunday last, were times of great blessing. The attendance, both at afternoon and night service was the largest that has been known here for months. Finances were away above the average.

Our new Officers, Captain Thomas and Lieutenant Glover, have already won their way into the hearts of the people. Their sweet singing was very much enjoyed by all present. At night we had the joy of seeing a prodigal return.—J. S. M.

Day Bay.—The new year has been one of blessing to many here. God has been pouring out His Spirit. Souls are being saved at nearly every meeting, and backsliders are returning to His fold.—James A. Cater, Treasurer.

BRANTFORD LIKES MUSIC.

When Captain McGorman Gives It.

Brantford.—Last Wednesday, Major Creighton, the leader of the Young People's War, led a large meeting in the Citadel. Tea was provided and a very happy and profitable time was spent. On Saturday Ensign Preece, the Matron of the Rescue Home at Hamilton, Captain McGorman, a musical wonder and Lieutenant West, were present. The meeting was taken by the Band, under Bandmaster Nock, assisted by the Songsters. Adjutant Habkirk and Captain McGorman played on two banjos and a mouth organ between them, the Captain performing on the latter and playing his banjo simultaneously.

The holiness meeting was taken by Adjutant and Mrs. Habkirk, Ensign Price and Captain McGorman.

On Monday last, instead of the usual practice, the Songsters, under Leader Johnson went by radial to Cainsville, and then boarded sleighs for Onondaga, where a very helpful singing service was held.

On Saturday a great musical blizzard took place in the Citadel on Darling Street, the Adjutant very cleverly playing a tune on bottles, partially filled with ordinary water, and Captain McGorman made his instrument repeat after him the Lord's Prayer. One soul found salvation on Sunday night.

SURPRISES AT ST. GEORGES.

St. Georges, Bermuda.—The week-end, February 6-8, was one of surprises. On Saturday we had a visit from two military comrades, who sang a duet and gave glorious testimony. On Sunday afternoon the Band and Soldiers were caught in a sudden storm while marching. They got a soaking. The evening meeting was a warm time for sinners. Rev. Mr. Sanford, of New York, read the lesson. His talks were plain and to the point, and his illustrations made a great impression on the people.

On Monday the Secretary was in command. Brother Hayes took the lesson.

Look out for Dad Smith's Slugging Brigade; he's getting a first class "choir" together.—J. H.

London II. On Saturday afternoon Mrs. Colonel Sharp commissioned the Locals, and gave some wholesome advice to all.

Mrs. Ensign Ritchie, who has been away on a short rest, has returned very much improved in health. The Male Quartette favoured us with a song which was very effective.—Beatrice Ward.

Ottawa II. Sunday, February 14th, Cadet George Cox, after a faithful term of Soldiership, farewelled for the Training College. The prayers and good wishes of the comrades go with him, for a successful career of Officership and the Salvation of souls.—N. B. C. O.

A WELCOME VISITOR.

Rewarding the Faithful.

In order to make glad the hearts of the people of Shelburne, N.S., the announcement has but to be made that D. O. Brigadier Morehen will visit us.

So on Friday evening, February 14th, when it was "noised about" that the Brigadier had arrived a large crowd gathered at The S. A. Hall to see him and hear him speak. He came with the usual bright smile, and his words of comfort and cheer that night brought blessing to the heart of saint and sinner.

As the service was nearing its close, our two comrades, Sisters Lyons and Wilson were presented each with a beautiful picture of the Commissioner and Mrs. Combs, for their faithfulness in booming "The Young Soldier" Congratulations.—M. S.

SOME GOOD MEETINGS.

A Talk on Short Beds and Narrow Blankets.

On Friday, February 12, Staff Captain Crichton visited Leamington. Following the Staff-Captain's encouraging address one backslider returned to God, and is now at the battle's front. Captain Bunton was with us for the week-end, February 13th.

Good crowds attended all the meetings. The Captain's subject for Sunday night was "Short Beds and Narrow Blankets." We had a full house and best of all six souls sought the Saviour. Nearly everyone stayed till the close of the prayer meeting. We finished up at eleven o'clock tired, but happy.—Captain and Mrs. Beattie.

YOUNG PEOPLE D.D.'s.

Officers Coming Ahead.

Brandon. Wednesday, February 10th, the meeting was led by the young people. Two of our young people were enrolled under the flag, and there are more to follow shortly. We are striving to make our young people into active D. D's (devil drivers.)

The following week-end we were favoured with a visit by Staff Captain Arnold and Adjutant Tudge. The meetings were inspiring and two souls sought and found the Saviour. On Sunday, February 21st, the meetings were held all day by the young people, who did remarkably well. We are sure that we have several Field Officers in the making.—Ed. Palmer.

Perth.—We had one sent forward for Salvation this week-end. This week our J. S. Ensign-Major Brozier Shipworth left us for the Training Home. We shall miss him very much as he was a great worker, but in this glorious work, to which the Lord has called him, we know his life will be a means of even greater blessing.—Captain M. Davis.

Southern Arm was recently favoured with a visit from Captain Stickland, of Harry's Harbour, also Lieutenants Keppin and Oxford. They held a meeting at Wild Light, in a church kindly loaned for the occasion. Two souls came to God at the meeting in Southern Arm.—Soldier.

G. B. M. MAN'S VISIT.

Testimonies by Veterans.

Halifax I. Captain Backus gave his instructive lantern service "What Would Jesus Do," in the Hall on Friday evening, February 19.

He was with us for the week-end meetings. Starting "Knee Drill" Sunday with 12 before the Throne.

In the afternoon our visitor was reinforced by Captain Ogilvie, who resumes the responsibility of the Shelter on the 24th inst.

The evening meeting was a time of refreshing from above. Adjutant Martin asked at the outset for those who had served God for 20 years and over, to stand and give their testimony. Ten responded, representing about 230 years of service for the King of Kings. Then as a contrast the Adj. asked those who had been converted within a year to give their testimony. Seven responded, and told the same sweet story of Jesus and His love. Their zeal and love for God was as great as those who have been on the road for years. We entered the prayer meeting with great faith, and in response to the invitation, a dear old man, with scant grey hair, volunteered to serve God, and was followed by one who strayed from the fold, but Glory to God returned with a determination to trust God entirely for the future.—A. E. C.

NEW CADETS INTRODUCED.

On Thursday night, February 25th, we had a welcome meeting at the Temple, for the Cadets. Ensign Bristow introduced them, and each gave their testimony, saying how thankful they were that God had called them to work for Him, and that by His help they were going to fight to the end. May God bless and help them and make them a blessing to others.

We had a lovely prayer meeting. One backslider came back to Jesus. When the Ensign asked how many backsliders there were in the meeting, eight raised their hands. May God give them no rest till they surrender themselves fully to Him.—Eva Laycock.

BIG CROWDS AT AMHERST.

We have very large crowds at our meetings at Amherst. On Sunday night two souls came to God. The special subjects which the Captain takes for his Sunday night meetings, are proving a help, and the people crowd in to hear him speak.

On Thursday night the meeting was led by J. S. Sergeant-Major Burgess and Brother Austen. A good crowd was present, and at the close of the meeting several persons held up their hands for prayer.—Happy Dick.

NEWS FROM WINGHAM.

On Wednesday, February 17th, Staff-Captain Hay visited Wingham, and gave a very interesting lecture, entitled, "Men and Things I Saw in the Old Land."

On Sunday night, February 28th, a memorial service was held for the late Staff-Captain Manton, our Officer, Ensign Poole, being an intimate friend of our promoted comrade. One Sister raised her hand for prayer.—C. C. Arthur Ashby.

FOLLOWED THE MARCH.

Victoria's Thriving Condition.

We rejoice to be able to report continued victories in equaleaving at Victoria, B.C., although no public inside meetings can be held on week nights while the Barracks is being repaired and renovated.

One Brother was convicted of sin, while listening to Brother Law, speaking in the open air, and followed the march to the Hall, where amongst piled up seats and building materials he was prayed with and blessedly saved.

The Sunday meetings are held in the A. O. U. W. Hall, and are well attended, while no night meeting has been closed without some one seeking Christ.

Although on an island we have our share of specials, Adjutant and Mrs. Ross are with us a good deal, while the alterations are being made to the Barracks, and are always ready to assist in the meetings.

We greatly appreciated the week end visit of Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Howell. The Colonel is always heartily welcomed, and was doubly so when accompanied by Mrs. Howell, whom we had not had the pleasure of seeing for several years.

The meetings were a great blessing and those who heard the messages of truth that were delivered will not soon forget. The Colonel sang some good solos, among them the old-time favourite "The Bird With the Broken Pinion."

We were cheered to see fourteen at the penitent form at the morning Holiness meeting and six at night.—A. E. T.

P. D. AT MONTREAL IV.

A Coloured Minister's Lecture.

Montreal IV.—On Sunday, February 14th, we had our Provincial Commander, Brigadier Hargrave, with us all day. At 11 a.m., the Brigadier took for his text, "Be ye holy," and urged upon those present the need of being holy, with the result that one soul came forward to seek the blessing. In the afternoon six recruits were sworn in by the Brigadier. This is the first enrollment since the opening of our new Hall. At night, although the weather was stormy, a good crowd assembled to hear the Brigadier, and although no one yielded, yet we believe seed was sown.

Then on Monday night we were favoured with a lecture by a coloured minister, Rev. Robert Brown, on "Slavery, and My Escape."

The next event of the season is a great United Band Festival, on Thursday, February 26th.—H. Hurd, Capt.

Two souls have lately professed to accept salvation at Burk's Falls. We were privileged this week to have with us, for two special meetings, Captain B. Bourn. We were much cheered by his visit, and the meetings were a blessing to many. Capt. A. B. Lewis and Lieut. Jennings are commencing the Corps in a good way.

Sudbury, Corps was visited by Captain Bourn, on his way to Elk Lake City. The week-end services were conducted by him and we had a good time. The Captain, and his concertina, drew the crowds, and favoured by soft weather, we had some well-attended open-air.—Secretary Woodrow.

ANOTHER FAREWELL.

And An Enrollment.

After a stay of sixteen months, Adjutant and Mrs. Hancock have farewelled from Barris.

Looking back over the past sixteen months, we cannot help but notice the good work that has been done. The Adjutant was untiring in his efforts to win souls for God, and to plant the true seed of religion in the hearts of all. With the help and encouragement of the Officers, the Band made a great advance, and is still progressing.

Sunday was to be the farewell service. In the Sunday afternoon meeting an enrollment was held, six comrades signed the Articles of War, and declared their desire to become Soldiers of the Cross. The night meeting was largely attended. Mrs. Hancock and the Adjutant spoke words of farewell to the comrades and friends.

On Tuesday evening Major Green was with us. Although the weather was not very favourable, a good crowd came to hear the Major. On Wednesday evening the Soldiers gave a farewell tea in the Hall. This proved to be a very agreeable meeting.—Nettie Reynolds.

A HELPFUL SERVICE.

A popular Officer, in the person of G. B. M. Agost Captain Backus, visited Shelburne, N. S., on Feb. 8th. His lecture and lantern service, entitled, "Our Exemplar," was beautiful indeed. We believe—aye, we know—that many followers of the Master present that evening were blessed and helped, and will in the future follow in His steps more closely. The evening following the Captain conducted a salvation meeting in our Hall, which was well attended. Adjutant Lorimer was organist for the evening, and his rich voice was a real treat for music lovers. Both Mrs. Lorimer and the visiting Captain gave addresses, which were backed home to all hearts by the power of the Holy Spirit. At the close of the meeting one seeker was found at the mercy seat.—M. Ensow.

IN THE WEST END.

Eleven Souls for Salvation.

Staff-Captain and Mrs. White led on at Lisgar Street on Sunday, Feb. 21. The Staff-Captain spoke in the morning on the incident recorded of Moses and the burning bush, and pointed out that to those who were willing to "turn aside" and gaze on a higher life, God would always give something in return. They should never go away empty. In the afternoon the Bandmen were re-commissioned, and at night, after a stirring salvation meeting, eleven souls found salvation.

SOLDIERS HOLD FORTH.

Eleven Seekers.

Welland.—During the absence of our Officers for the past four weeks, the Soldiers have been holding the fort, and God has wonderfully blessed them.

A very hearty welcome was given to our new Officers on Thursday night. When Captain Boynton and Lieutenant Kinkade arrived, we found them in great fighting spirit.

During the week-end God came very near to us and we rejoiced over eleven souls seeking the Saviour.—One Interested.

A TOUCHING MOMENT.

Monston's Progress.

The enrollment of Sister Archibald and Corps-Cadet Hoar, by Major McGilivray, appealed to every heart. Sister Archibald, frail in health—in a few days to enter the hospital—as she sat on the chair on the platform, became a Soldier in The Army ranks. Corps-Cadet Edith Hoar, in the strength of her youth, with a talented life and the gates of opportunity opening before her; especially appealed to the hearts of all mothers, as she stepped forward under the dear old flag and vowed herself a Soldier in The Army.

Our platform is crowded with men and women whose hearts have been made glad by the "good news." In the audience the interest is marked, and in almost every meeting we have the joy of seeing some soul stepping out on the promise.

There are a number of "sweet singers in Israel"—Sisters Hecady and Rowe, Mrs. Cashman, Mrs. White, B. Cashman, and Cadet Urquhart, (our Ensign's little sister, and able assistant,) these dear ones, in Hall and open air, sing out many truths to hearts that are dead in sin.

Our Soldiers' meetings are times of prayer and blessing. On one of the very coldest nights in the year we numbered twenty-five.

THIS WITHOUT OFFICERS.

Maple Creek, Sask.—We are in for great things here, and although we cannot boast of Officers of our own, yet the work is growing. We held a fine Junior meeting on Sunday afternoons, which is well attended by old and young. Then we held a salvation meeting Tuesday and Friday nights. On Tuesday night Captain Bryenton and Lieutenant Torrance, of Medicine Hat, visited us. We had a glorious meeting, at the close of which we saw thirteen souls kneeling at the foot of the cross. One, a girl of twelve years, knelt at the mercy seat, and was quickly followed by her mother. This makes a total of eighteen souls in two weeks.—Ned.

THREE BACKSLIDERS RETURN.

The Week-end meeting at Sussex, N. B., were conducted by Captain Robinson, of St. John. On Sunday God crowned the efforts put forth for His kingdom with three souls, all of whom were backsliders. The Captain's visit was much enjoyed, he being stationed here at one time.

Captain O. Jones has returned to her labours here, after having a month's rest at her home in Clark's Harbour.—See E. Doyle.

The event of the past two weeks at Charlottetown has been the musical evening arranged by Sister Dora, the Y. P. S., and given at the Citadel, on Thursday the 11th, and repeated at Hearts Hall, the following Wednesday. The full talent of the Corps was put under requisition and between the vocal numbers, cornet music, band selections, quartette, readings and dialogues, a very enjoyable programme resulted.—H.

Port Stanford.—Three comrades recently were enrolled under our new flag. Captain Cole, of Clareville, was with us, and he took the lesson. A red-hot prayer meeting followed, and many persons went away deeply convicted of sin.—H. Dicks, Lieutenant.

THE GENERAL.

(Continued from page 9.)

well as for its international scope, might well stagger the strongest, and give them pause, but which our Leader regards as simply in the order and fitness of things.

Concluding on a high note, The General lingered on a well-beloved subject, which is, after all, nearest his heart; and gave some sound admonition, which every Salvationist can reflect and act upon with profit.

There is one thing (he said) that has made The Salvation Army; there is one thing that keeps it alive; there is one thing that has caused you to come here to-night; and there is one thing which is our only hope for the future—and that is, Religion! (Volleys.) Consequently, it is for us to grieve it, to rejoice in it. I began here; I delight to be here; I shall finish here; souls saved! Souls convicted of their sins through the power of the Holy Ghost, and souls crying for salvation through the Blood of the Lamb!

The General's final words will not be forgotten. "Look to your foundations!" is an excellent adage, which every Salvationist will do well to remember.

Altogether, an interesting and highly suggestive gathering, and full of encouragement to every lover of the Blood and Fire.

An extensive campaign has been planned by The General for his Scandinavian visit, which opened on February 25th, at Aarhus. Among the sixteen towns at which he proposes to call, are Copenhagen, Gothenburg, Christiania, Stockholm, and Helsingfors, where he concludes, on March 25th.

Colonel Lamb, representing the Chief of the Staff, had a long interview with Sir George Kekewich, late Secretary of the Board of Education, at the National Liberal Club.

THE JAMAICAN CONGRESS.

(Continued from page 4.)

Chief of the Staff, said every Officer privileged to be present. There is no question about the loyalty of the West Indian Officer.

The Commissioner's public farewell gathering in the St. George's Hall was a great affair. It was a real Salvation Army gathering. There was nothing heavy about it, except the atmosphere. Enthusiasm, joy and Salvation fervour were manifested in everything that was done. The Hall presented a stirring sight at 7.30; evidently the Soldierly and friends meant to make the most possible of their chance to hear the Commissioner's good-bye address, and so they came in troops and battalions, gorging the hall and overflowing the aisles and entrance ways, until standing room was at a premium. The platform was crowded with Officers. It was a fine audience, full of sympathy and expectation. A good number of penitents marched to the platform in seeking mercy.

Whatever inconvenience the Commissioner may have experienced by leaving London, whatever physical discomforts he may have undergone in his journey by land and sea, the blessing he has been to the rank and file and the Officers of all ranks, has been well worth the price paid.

The T.C. concluded the Congress in the St. George's Hall two days after the Commissioner had left the island. In this gathering the Field Officers received their Matching Orders and a number were promoted.—William M. Measures.

Stranger "Hung Up" in City Describes Experiences.

for all the churches, for millions, always for the great Salvation Army. The burden of souls was laid heavily upon her at times, and she traveled for many who little guessed that anyone was agonising for their salvation.

Now she is with Him whom she loved and adored. Surely, one brief hour with Him will recompense her for all the trial and suffering she endured here. May the memory of her loyalty to God be an incentive to us to obey and trust and fight on earnestly.

OUR INTERNATIONAL NEWS LETTER.



Some of the Children at the London Maternity Hospital.

HOLLAND.

Commissioner Ridsdel recently conducted, at Amsterdam, the welcome meeting to Holland's new Cadets.

One of this incoming contingent is the son of a minister of the Dutch Reformed Church. Before conversion he was a prodigal, went far into sin, and eventually tried to take his life. Fortunately, the wound from the shot, of which he still bears the scar, was not dangerous, and it was shortly after his recovery that he met The Army.

This eventually led to his conversion, and, having served some time as a Soldier, he has now, with the consent of his parents, who recognise in The Army the saviours of their son, entered Training.

The Commissioner recently spent a Sunday at Enschede, in the Eastern Division of the Territory. Three times the Hall was crowded, and eleven seekers knelt at the mercy seat.

The Chief of the Staff recently met over four hundred Field and Local Officers of the Dutch Territory, at Amsterdam. Colonel Bullard, who is conducting a campaign in that country, was present.

The reception accorded the Chief could not be beaten. Affection, enthusiasm, and loyalty were outpoured. His words all day, in spite of physical weakness, reached the inmost hearts of his eager listeners, and quickened all to greater devotion and activity.

UNITED STATES.

A special Congress for Young People was recently held in New York. Commander Eva Booth, Colonel Peart, and other speakers had set themselves the task of blessing the Young People, and delivered addresses full of thoughtfulness, and illustrated by experience, "Remember thy Creator," was the text upon which the Commander spoke, and no less than sixty-two Young People of both sexes knelt at the mercy seat.

Commissioner and Mrs. Estill recently conducted a big Siege Campaign at Minneapolis. The American and Scandinavian forces united, and souls cried for mercy at every meeting.

A new Rescue Home was recently dedicated at Boston, by the Commander, Dr. Chapman and Mr. Alexander, the evangelists, who were in the midst of a great awakening among the churches of Boston, were guests of the occasion.

DENMARK.

Colonel and Mrs. Povlsen have been holding meetings with Officers in the North of Jutland, as well as conducting the welcome of the new Divisional Commander, Major Fich. They have now gone to the South of the island.

The Editor of the Danish "War Cry," Adjutant H. P. Hansen, who has for some time been in hospital at Copenhagen, is, we are glad to learn, recovering.

GIBRALTAR.

Admiral Sperry, of the American Fleet, shortly after his arrival at Gibraltar, accorded Staff-Captain Leib an interview. The Admiral, as well as his Flag-captain, left a donation for our Naval and Military Work at "The Rock."

To Staff-Captain Leib, Admiral Sperry remarked that The Salvation Army had been very kind to the Fleet, both in Australia and Japan—in fact, throughout the whole of its cruise.

FINLAND.

Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Howard are still campaigning in the North of Finland. On her return to Territorial Headquarters, Mrs. Howard will preside at a big Social gathering at Ulenborg.

Mrs. Lieut.-Colonel Howard has also been invited to take part in a Council of The Poor's Commonwealth

which will meet to consider the best means of assisting the poor.

FRANCE.

Lieut. Colonel Cooke, who has almost finished his Swiss Campaign, starts upon another in the South of France next week.

Colonel Fornachon has been leading a week's Special Campaign in the Salle Des Boulevards, Paris.

JAPAN.

Lieutenant Shimohira, a woman Officer who was one of the first lot of Cadets who passed through the Japanese Training Home, has just been promoted to Glory. She was last engaged in the Rescue Work, at Dalny, in Manchuria. She was only nineteen at the time of her death. Her last words were: "I am so happy, and I thank God for the privilege of serving a few years as a Salvation Army Officer."

Acting-Commissioner Hodder conducted a spiritual day at Tokio Training Home, with the Officers of Territorial Headquarters and the Tokio Division, and afterwards met the Staff Officers. Mrs. Hodder spoke.

Mrs. Hodder is giving special attention to the Rescue Home in Tokio, which has recently been renovated.

Ensign Sodani, of Tokio, in her capacity as police-court Officer, has the approval of all the leading officials in the city, who are always eager to assist her, especially in the work of rescuing young women.

NORWAY.

Colonel Ogrim recently conducted a Divisional Congress at Larvig, extending over three days. Fifty-four Officers were present.

The Hall was crowded at the three public meetings held in connection with the Congress, and there were twenty-one seekers.

Brigadier Annette Anderson, who is one of The Army's earliest Officers in Scandinavia, and who accompanied

the Colonel, says that these meetings closely resembled those of the first days in Norway.

Many stirring incidents were related by the Field Officers. One told of two converts who were residing temporarily in a lonely place, a long way from the Corps. These two lads started to pray for the salvation of the neighbourhood; an awakening broke out, and between twenty and thirty souls were saved.

A wife-beater, the terror of the little village, was saved, and afterwards brought his wife to the penitential form, and followed later with his mother, father, and mother-in-law. Other Officers testified to having pointed souls to the Saviour while "War Cry" booming, as well as in house-to-house visitation.

SOUTH AFRICA.

The General's decision to extend The Army's Work among the vast and rapidly increasing native population South of the Zambesi, has resulted in the appointment of Lieut.-Colonel Smith, as Territorial Secretary for Native Affairs.

The Colonel, it should be mentioned has devoted many years to arduous and self-sacrificing toil among the Zulus, and there is, probably, no Army Officer in the Territory that better or more fully understands the native mind, or the way to reach the native heart, than he.

The great value of the work of the missionary is spoken of on every hand by those who have any responsibility for the government of the natives. An important commission on native affairs, which sat two or three years ago, and dealt in an exhaustive manner with the social, educational, and moral development and needs of the coloured population, recorded over and over again, in its conclusions, the far-reaching benefits to the natives themselves, and so to the community generally, arising from the spread among them of the Christian religion.

OUR
NEW
SERIAL
STORY

POGASELSKY THE JEW

And How He Found the Messiah.

A Fascinating Story of Jewish Life, and Travel and Adventure in Many Lands.

DON'T
FAIL
TO READ
THIS
CHAPTER



"Hi, there!" called out the Jew, "how is it that you have no shoes?"

CHAPTER IV. ADVENTURES ON THE ROAD.

THE day Herman wandered aimlessly along the banks of the Oder, hungry and dispirited. As night came on he looked around for some place in which to rest his weary body. Seeing a bridge a little way off, he thought he would seek shelter under it for a while. Only a narrow tow-path ran along by the side of the river, barely wide enough for two persons to walk abreast, and as Herman was proceeding along this, he came face to face with a drunken man.

Some fancy must have seized the tipsy fellow that Herman wanted to fight him, and so, grabbing the poor lad, he started to punch him with all his might. Herman gave a series of ear-piercing yells, as blow after blow rained upon him, but the more he cried, the more the drunken man seemed to enjoy the affair. It was a one-sided fight all the way through, for the man was twice the size of Herman, and very powerful. For ever an hour he beat Herman unmercifully, dragging him about by the hair of his head, wrestling with him and kicking and hitting him. At last, bruised and battered, and with his old rage nearly torn off him, poor Herman managed to make his escape, and he ran as hard as he could to get out of the clutches of his tormentor. He said bye he pushed an old man who called to him to stop and tell him what was the matter. The kindness of his tone made Herman feel that he had found a friend, and he stopped running, therefore, and waited for the old man to come up to him.

"What is the matter that you are running so hard, my young friend?" asked the old man.

"Oh, sir," said Herman, "I have been shamefully treated. As I was seeking for shelter under a bridge, a great brute of a fellow met me, and he beat me nearly killed me with his kicks and blows."

"Poor lad," said the old man, sympathetically, "and why did you have to seek shelter under a bridge? Have you no home?"

"No, sir," said Herman. "I have no home, no parents, money, or friends, and I shall soon have no

clothes to wear, for those I have on at present are but bits of rags. My good clothes were stolen from me in Breslau."

"Poor lad," again said the old man, "you shall come with me tonight, and I will find you a lodging, and see that you have some food."

Herman rejoiced to hear this, and trudged along by the side of the old man, feeling just a little less forsaken and forlorn. Soon they reached a small town, and the old man conducted Herman to a cheap lodging-house, where he paid for some meals and a bed, and left Herman to enjoy them. The hot bowl of soup that he received, made him feel good, and he began to talk freely to the woman who kept the house. She listened with some amusement to the recital of his adventures, and when he had finished, suggested a way out of his difficulties that he had not thought of before.

"Why don't you turn beggar?" she said, "with those ragged clothes, and such a pitiful story, you would get lots of money from rich people. Now you follow my advice, and go begging to-morrow, and see if you don't get far more than if you were working."

On the following day, Herman tried this plan, and met with very good success. The charitable inclined people that he met, listened sympathetically to his tale of woe, and generally gave him a few pennings (a pennning is equal in value to a quarter of a cent.) At the end of the day he was able to pay for his supper and a bed, and still had a few coins left. The lodging-house keeper looked well pleased when she observed that Herman seemed to have plenty of money.

"Didn't I tell you that you would get on well at begging?" she said. "Now, I've a bit more advice to give you. You are a young and active lad, and would, no doubt, make a good sailor. Beg your way from town to town, until you get to Hamburg, and then try to get a job on board one of the ships there."

The advice seemed good to Herman, and a new hope arose in his heart that in his life, yet rise in the world. He did not hope to rise very high, but just sufficiently to enable him to live comfortably, and have a good time. This was about the only ambition he had, at that period of his life. Like all unregenerate men, his thoughts were first and foremost of self.

After a good night's rest, Herman

set out on his travels. In due time he reached the town of Frankfurt-on-the-Oder, having eked out a miserable existence all along the route, by means of begging. After so much tramping, his boots had become quite worn through, and so he had to throw them away and walk barefooted. As he was wearily trudging along one of the streets of Frankfurt, he was hailed by a Jewish storekeeper.

"Hi, there!" called out the Jew, "how is it that you have no shoes?"

"I am a poor unfortunate lad in search of work, sir," said Herman.

"All the way from Breslau have I tramped, and no one will employ me. If you could spare a trifle I should be most grateful, for I have not tasted food this day."

It will be seen that Herman was getting to be quite an accomplished beggar. His words touched the heart of the kind storekeeper, and he invited him to enter his store.

"Here is some flannel to wrap around your feet," he said, taking down a roll of flannel, and cutting off two lengths, "and here is a pair of boots for you."

This little kindness cheered Herman up a bit, and he went forward on his journey to Hamburg, feeling that the world was not so cold and hard as before, and that even for a poor unfortunate outcast like himself, there was a spark of sympathy in some hearts. He was to have further proof of this before long.

One day, after he had left Berlin far behind, he came to a village which was the centre of a fine farming country. He was tired and hungry and thirsty, but all the money he possessed was one pennning. For five pennings, he knew he could obtain a cool glass of lager at the village inn, and so he started out to beg the other four. After calling at several houses, he found that he had received five pennings and two large pieces of bread, and so, without any further delay, he made his way to the inn, and proceeded to enjoy his lunch of dry bread and lager beer. As he was sitting at the rough bench in the common bar-room, he heard loud voices in the adjoining room.

Listening intently, he discovered that some bargaining was going on. Presently the talking ceased, the door between the two rooms opened, and into the bar came a well-dressed Jewish merchant accompanied by a youth.

The Jew stopped short on beholding Herman, and gave vent to an exclamation of astonishment. Then

he slowly surveyed Herman from head to foot.

"My, my," he said, at last, "what a miserable condition to be in. Is it possible that human beings can come down to this? Why are you thus, lad? tell me."

Herman felt quite glad at being noticed by so great a gentleman, for he thought that he would surely give him some money. He told the story of his misfortunes, therefore, as he had never told it before, waxing quite eloquent over the injustice with which he had been treated, and the miseries he had endured in consequence.

"And so you are going to Hamburg to be a sailor, are you?" asked the merchant, when Herman had concluded his tale of woe.

"Yes, sir," said Herman, "if I am able to get there."

"Well, here is something to help you along the road," said the merchant, as he handed Herman a coin.

It was a mark—one hundred pennings—and Herman's heart leaped for joy, at his good fortune.

"And here is some more for you," said the youth as he put four groschen into Herman's hand. "We live in Altona," said the merchant, as he was leaving, "it is a town near Hamburg, and so when you arrive there, you can call on us and let us know if you succeed in getting on board a ship."

"Oh, thank you, thank you," said Herman, "you are indeed good friends to me. May the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob reward you for your kindness to a poor child of the tribe of Judah."

As the merchant and his son—for that was the relationship of the youth to him—drove off in their carriage, Herman burst into tears, for his heart was full of gratitude to them. Soon they were lost to sight around a bend in the road, and Herman turned his face westward again, and recommenced his weary tramp. His heart was light now, however, and he sang as he journeyed. Anyone passing must have wondered at such a strange unrepentant looking being singing praises to God, for this was the burden of Herman's song:

"God has been with me so far, and God is bound to help me further, Jehovah Jireh, bless the name of the Lord!"

(To be continued.)

Why is the nose in the middle of the face? Because it's the center.



"In Centre a Well-Dressed Jewish Merchant."

THE EASTER WAR CRY,

WITH WHICH WILL BE COMBINED

THE GENERAL'S EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY NUMBER,

WILL BE READY AT AN EARLY DATE, AND WILL BE ONE OF THE MOST ARTISTIC NUMBERS EVER PRINTED BY THE ARMY PRESS. IT CONTAINS ONE 2-PAGE PICTURE AND FIVE 1-PAGE PICTURES.

AMONGST THE PRINCIPAL PICTURES ARE:

THE GENERAL IN THE RUINS OF THE HOUSE OF MARTHA AND MARY AT BETHANY. Front page.

SYMPATHY WITH SORROW. MRS. COOMBS IN HER OFFICE AT TORONTO. Full page.

SCENES FROM THE GENERAL'S DAILY LIFE. Full page picture.

CHRIST BEFORE PILATE—BY MUNKACSY. Two page picture.

COLONEL AND MRS. MAPP, with a Combination of Striking Indian Scenes. A full page.

FEEDING MOTHERLESS LAMBS. Full page picture.

Also a Large Number of Portraits and Sketches and Decorative Drawings.

Don't Fail to Get a Copy.

AMONGST THE PRINCIPAL LITERARY CONTENTS ARE:

The General's Eightieth Birthday. By the Commissioner. From April 10th, 1908, to April 10th, 1909: A Glance at the Eightieth Year of The General's Life.

A Soul's Prayer Agony. By the Commissioner.

A Morning with Mrs. Coombs.

Scenes of Christ's Sufferings.

The Power of His Resurrection. A Story.

Some Songs and Song Writers.

India and Its Problems. An Interview with Colonel Mapp.

Impressions of Newfoundland. By Commissioner Cadman.

Our European Chief Secretaries.

Also Poems and Paragraphs, etc.

Further Particulars Next Week.

Tailoring Opportunities.

A Suit well worth \$18 00 for \$16.00. Pants well worth \$6.00 for \$4.25.

WHY THIS REDUCTION?

Simply this—Stock taking time is approaching, and we find our stock of Serges larger than we wish, and are, therefore, anxious to reduce the same. The Serges are of our own importation, fast dye, and reliable goods. Our workmanship cannot be beat. Write for sample and measurement form to-day. Don't delay. We anticipate a quick disposal of this line. The following unsolicited testimonials bespeak general satisfaction:—

Bracebridge, Ont., January 22, 1909.

The Trade Secretary, Toronto:

Dear Brigadier,—The suit of uniform received quite safe. Am very pleased with it, the fit being quite good. Many thanks for the prompt way in which the order was filled.

I remain, yours in the war,

Hedley V. Jones, Captain.

Montreal, January 23, 1909.

Staff-Captain Turpin, Toronto:

Dear Staff-Captain,—I received my overcoat to-day. Thanks very much for pushing it out so soon. I am delighted with it, both for material and fitting. Enclosed please find remittance for the same. I am, sincerely yours,

J. Harbour, Captain.

BAND UNIFORMS A SPECIALTY.

Silent Witnesses.

SCRIPTURE TEXTS AND MOTTOES.

A Large and Varied Assortment.

Beautiful and Unique Designs.

Agents Wanted. Liberal Terms to Energetic Men and Women.

The Trade Secretary, James and Albert Streets, Toronto.

